

TLS Classified

To place advertisements write or telephone:

Christopher Bamping, The Classified Department, The Times Literary Supplement
Priory House, St. John's Lane, London EC1M 4BX Tel: 01-253 3000 Telex: 264971.Rates: Classified Display - £9.65 p sec. Classified Linage - £1.90 per line. Minimum 3 lines - @ £5.70 Box number - £2.00.
Copy deadline: Classified display and Linage: Monday 10.00am in week of publication.

Sales & Auctions

CHRISTIE'S NEW YORK

Printed Books and Manuscripts

Sale: Friday, 16 May at 10 a.m.

Viewing is by appointment only May 9, 10, 13 & 14,
10 a.m. to 4.30 p.m., May 15, 10 a.m. to 2 p.m.

Catalogue is available for \$17 post paid

This sale includes Americana, Atlases, Natural History, Voyages & Travels,
Early Printing, Literature, Art, Architecture
and Nineteenth Century Book Illustration, Early Western Manuscripts and
Pine Bindings.

Hebrew Printed Books

Duplicates from the Library of
The Jewish Theological Seminary of America

Sale: Thursday, 22 May at 2 p.m.

Viewing is by appointment only May 18, 1 p.m. to 4.30 p.m.,
May 19-21, 10 a.m. to 4.30 p.m., May 22, 10 a.m. to 12 noon.

Catalogue is available for \$27 post paid

Enquiries: please contact the Book Department in New York
or Hans Fellner in London.502 Park Avenue, New York, NY 10022. Tel: (212) 546 1000. Telex: 620721
8 King Street, St. James's, London SW1 6QR Tel: (01) 839 9060 Telex: 916429

Librarians

University of Cambridge MODERN AND MEDIEVAL LANGUAGES LIBRARIES

Applications are invited for a
post of assistant librarian.
Good language qualifications,
German preferred, essential.
Salary £24,486-26,167. Details
from the Librarian,
M.M.L., 10, Bedford Avenue,
Cambridge CB3 9DA. Please
send full C.V. and 2 re-
ferences, by April 30th.

Knowsley Metropolitan Borough

Kirby College of Further
Education

TUTOR/LIBRARIAN

Lecturer Grade 1 Scale

Applications are invited
for this post which is vacan-
t from September 1986.
Successful candidate will
be expected to co-ordinate
and develop the work
and services of the College
Library and assist in curri-
culum development and in-
novation across a wide range
of non-advanced further
education courses.Candidates should ap-
pear both teacher training
and librarianship qualifica-
tions.
Application forms and
further particulars available
on request from the
Personnel Officer, Hutton
Education Office, Hutton
Way, Merseyside L36 5YH.Closing date for con-
sideration of applications is April
1986.

Overseas

PARIS

APARTMENTS available for
rent, furnished, central location,
close to the Eiffel Tower.
Contact: 01-253 3000

Exhibitions

© THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT
Published by Times Newspapers
Limited, 1, St. James's Place,
London W1 8BJ. Printed by
The Times Newspaper Press,
1, St. James's Place, London
W1 8BJ. Tel: 01-253 3000.
Subscription prices: £12.00 per
year (including postage) in
advance. Single copies 50p.
Second class postage paid at
New York, N.Y. Postmaster:
send address changes in New
York to The Times Literary
Supplement, c/o The New York
Public Library, 410 Fifth Avenue,
New York, N.Y. 10018.

Book Fairs

MONTHLY BOOK FAIR

Secondhand and
Antiquarian Books

SUNDAY APRIL 13th 2pm-7pm

MONDAY APRIL 14th 10.30am-7pm

HOTEL RUSSELL
RUSSELL SQUARE
LONDON WC1Organized by the PBFA
111 Park Road,
New Barnet, Herts

Books and Prints

Coming Soon
CATALOGUE 371
General Antiquarian
JAMES TEIN
53-59 South Bridge
EDINBURGHBOOKFINDING OF and 2nd
hand, Worm Books, 26 Con-
tinent, London N14 7BB.
Tel: 01-886 5759.FOR YOUR STATISTICAL BOOK
Needs: write or phone:
David C. P. O'Neil, 10, St.
James's Place, London W1
8BJ. Tel: 01-253 3000. Fax: 01-253 3001.SHEILA PAYNE finds books.
Aberdeen, Scotland. Tel: 01-253 3000.TWO DAY BOOK AUCTION
16th April: Private Press
Books, First Editions, impor-
tant collections, rare, new
Williamson correspondence, etc.
17th April: Medical, Science,
Travel & other exploration,
Art, Antiques, reference,
antiquarian, law, and other
categories. Separate cata-
logues, £1.75 each. Telex: 253 3000.
Book Dept., Prewett St.
Bristol, BS1 6PB. (0274) 55998.ENGLISH Literature Cata-
logue now ready. S.A.S.
appreciated. Mrs. Asala
Doyle, Teffont, Salisbury
SP4 6QZ.MODERN First Editions. Cata-
logue & Stamp for Dares
Road, 28, Watney Road,
Cambridge, London SE5.BOOKFAIRS weekend. Old &
rare books, prints & bygone
for sale, over 500 exhibitors
in all. Sat. 12 April, Chelsea
Old Town Hall, Kings Rd
Chelsea, London SW3 4LH. Sun.
13 April, Southampton Row
(near British Museum) 10am-
5pm. Also Royal National
Hotel, Woburn Place
Bristol, 11am-7pm. All prices
reasonable, browsers very wel-
come.SKILLED bookbinding and re-
storation by experienced
craftsmen: all work and
materials guaranteed. Peter
Hartley, 28, Watney Road,
Cambridge, CB2 3JF.ARABIC BOOKS - Specialists in
out of print academic his-
torical, literary and political
texts. Catalogues on request.
High prices offered for good
quality collections. 16 Goswell
Lane, St Albans, Herts. Tel:
01-438 5251.VISIT THE GALLERY, Lamb
Arts Centre, 77, Lamb Lane,
Tel: 0401 52335. We buy
and sell every type of book.RUSSIA Eastern Europe, Mid-
dle East, Africa and Asia
Catalogues, issued, A. A.
Hall, 30, Staines Road,
Twickenham, Surrey TW2 7JF.ARABIC BOOKS - Rare
and out of print. Catalogues
on request. David Loman Ltd,
10, Watney Road, Cambridge,
CB2 3JF. Tel: 01-253 3000.BOOKFINDING. Mrs. V. Hor-
ley, 51 Parkway, Dorking,
Surrey RH4 1ET.

Personal

SALARIED PERSONS POSTAL
LOANS Ltd. Loans from £1,000
to £10,000. Repayment by
instalments. No credit check.
Apply to: 118 Regent Street,
London W1A 2AB. Tel: 01-253 3000.BIRKING LOANS before
you go bankrupt. Loans from
£1,000 to £10,000. Repay-
ment by instalments. No credit
check. Apply to: 118 Regent
Street, London W1A 2AB. Tel:
01-253 3000.If you have ever had a reluc-
sant pilot or a publisher or
agent who has let you down,
contact a Pilotage Broker. The
Pilotage Broker will find you
the best pilot for your needs.
Apply to: 118 Regent Street,
London W1A 2AB. Tel: 01-253 3000.

Administration

LITERATURE OFFICER

Salary scale: £11,280-£14,025

Following internal reorganisation, Northern Arts, the Regional Arts Association
North East and Cumbria, seeks applications for the post of Literature Officer. The
post arises at a time of great change, with the abolition of Tyne & Wear County Council
resulting in a considerable increase in Northern Arts' responsibilities and budget
over £4m in 1986/7.In addition a major review of Northern Arts' policies, priorities and structure for the
next decade is in progress, with stronger emphasis on developing partnerships with
local authorities and other public agencies.The successful candidate will join a team of seven specialist staff and will be
responsible for providing a service of advice and support to a range of established literary groups
(including Bloodaxe Books and Bland Magazine) and to develop new public bodies
to raise the importance of literature within the region in partnership with public
libraries, the education sector, etc.The closing date is 28 April 1986.
Application forms and further details from the Director,
NORTHERN ARTS
10 Osborne Terrace, Newcastle upon Tyne NE2 1HC Tel: 091-261 0001.

New Books

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF NAUTICAL BOOKS.

3100 nautical books; forth-
coming in print & recently
OP. Listed by Title Author &
Subject. Showing Publisher
Price ISBN Date etc.
Invaluable for libraries.
£24.95. Postage £2.00. ISBN
0 948646 00 4. Direct or
through bookshops. Pub-
lishers: Warash nautical
Bookshop, Warash, South-
ampton SO3 6PY.
Tel: (04895) 2384.

Conferences

MANUSCRIPT SOCIETY CONVENTION, 1986

Are you interested in Manu-
script and literary letters and
documents? The annual Con-
vention of THE MANUSCRIPT
SOCIETY will be held in
London and Cambridge
21-27 May. THE MAN-
SCRIPT SOCIETY is a na-
tional organisation where
members collect, preserve and
enjoy autographs and man-
uscripts. Details from John
Rose, Manus. Soc. Ltd.,
50 Berkeley Square, London
W1X 6EL. Tel: (01) 493 7700.

FORTHCOMING SPECIAL NUMBERS IN THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

- MAY 9 - REFERENCE BOOKS
- MAY 16 - UNIVERSITY PRESSES
- MAY 23 - GOD
- JUNE 13 - RACE & ETHNICITY
- JULY 5 - AUTUMN EXPORT
- SEPTEMBER 12 - ARCHAEOLOGY
- SEPTEMBER 26 - FRANKFURT I
- OCTOBER 3 - FRANKFURT II
- NOVEMBER 14 - ACADEMIC CRITICISM
- NOVEMBER 28 - CHILDREN'S BOOKS
- DECEMBER 5 - BEST SELLERS

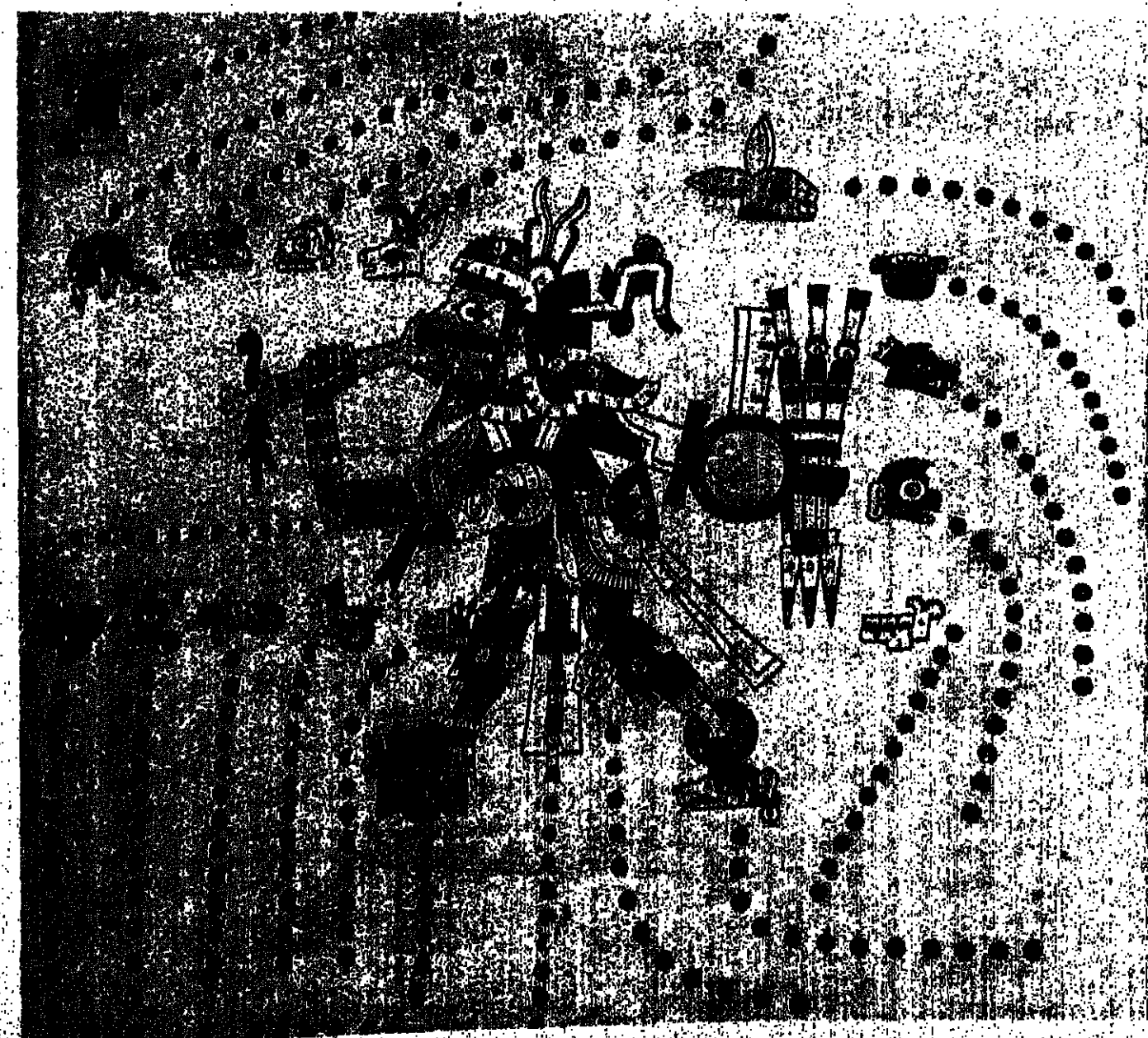
ALAN COREN: THE TWO HANCOCKS

TLS

The Times Literary Supplement

FRIDAY 18 APRIL 1986 No 4,333 80p

Great poetry of the Maya and the Aztecs
Does Britain need a constitution?
John Clive: a love-affair in Victorian Oxford
Communists and theologians under Nazism
Fiction: William Burroughs, Patricia Highsmith,
Ursula Holden, Jay McInerney
Marina Warner on Alfred Gilbert



ROUTLEDGE & KEGAN PAUL
1836-1986
150
YEARS OF
GREAT PUBLISHING

SOUTH AFRICA

No Easy Path to Peace
GRAHAM LEACH

The BBC Radio Southern Africa Correspondent, provides an up-to-date guide to the complexities of the situation behind the daily news headlines. Graham Leach combines lively reporting from the front line with an explanation of some of the history of the troubled land. He also assesses future political and social trends. 0-7102-0848-0, Plates and maps, £14.95

Massacre of the Innocents

Infanticide in Britain 1800-1939
LIONEL ROSE

Before contraception was generally available, and abortion fraught with danger, infanticide was a common solution to the problem of unwanted children. This study shows the causes and consequences of the high tide of infanticide in Victorian Britain. 0-7102-0339-X, £16.95

The Pyramid Builders of Ancient Egypt

A Modern Investigation of Pharaoh's Workforce
ROSALIE DAVID

Dr David presents the builders of the pyramids as simple people with ordinary if pressing preoccupations. The results of years of excavation and patient analysis have gone into this story of the fascinating and vivid recovery of a lost world. 0-7100-9909-6, Plates, maps and figures £16.95

Shakespeare's Dramatic Structures

ANTHONY BRENNAN

From his experience in theatrical production and performance, Brennan has developed a keen appreciation of the range of strategies Shakespeare used to achieve maximum impact. He focuses this study on the dramatic strategies of scenic repetition and character separation, and his detailed analysis will appeal to a wide audience. 0-7102-0450-7, £22.50

A Dictionary of Chinese Symbols

Hidden Symbols in Chinese Life and Thought
WOLFRAM EBERHARD

Professor Eberhard has written an immensely readable book which enables the Western reader to reach a better understanding of everyday life in China. Unique and authoritative, the book describes more than 400 important symbols. 0-7102-0191-5, 150 illus. £12.95

Military Ethics

Guidelines for Peace and War
N FOTON AND GERARD ELFSTROM

The authors present a practical, utilitarian approach: an ethics of what is possible rather than what is ideal, drawing on real military experience and different from any other work previously published. 0-7102-0182-6, £15.95

ROUTLEDGE & KEGAN PAUL

14 Leicester Square, London WC2H 7PH

The Times Literary Supplement

April 18 1986 Priory House, St John's Lane, London EC1M 4BX

Contents

AMERICAN HISTORY 425, ART 423, BIOGRAPHY 413-14, ENGLISH LITERATURE 428, FICTION 415-16, HISTORY 412, HUMOUR 417, LAW 410, LITERARY CRITICISM 409, LITERATURE 407, LITERATURE AND HISTORY 408, PHILOSOPHY 424, POETRY 430, POLITICS AND ECONOMICS 409, RELIGION 426, SCIENCE 411, SOCIAL STUDIES 431

GORDON BROTHERSTON

John Bierhorst (Editor and translator): *Cantares Mexicanos—Songs of the Aztecs*
John Bierhorst: *A Nahuatl-English Dictionary and Concordance to the Cantares Mexicanos with an Analytic Transcription and Grammatical Notes*

F. FERNANDEZ-ARMESTO

Dennis Tedlock (Editor and translator): *Popol vuh—The definitive edition of the Mayan Book of the Dawn of Life and the Glories of Gods and Kings* 407-8
Gianni Granzotto: *Christopher Columbus—The dream and the obsession* 408
Paolo Emilio Taviani: *Christopher Columbus—The grand design* 408

ANTHONY HARTLEY

David Coates and John Hillard (Editors): *The Economic Decline of Modern Britain—The debate between left and right* 409
David Owen: *A United Kingdom—An argument and a challenge for a better Britain* 409

JOHN TURNER

Grandfather in Green (poem) 409
Jeffrey Jewell and Dawn Oliver (Editors): *The Changing Constitution* 410

GEORGE SZIRTES

Laurence H. Tribe: *Constitutional Choices* 410

JEREMY WALDRON

Douglas R. Holstadter: *Metamagical Themas* 411

GEOFFREY MARSHALL

Allan Merson: *Communist Resistance in Nazi Germany* 412

MURRAY MACBEATH

Simon Taylor: *Prelude to Genocide—Nazi ideology and the struggle for power* 412

F. L. CARSTEN

Robert P. Erickson: *Theologians under Hitler* 412

IAN KERSHAW

Vivian Green (Editor): *Love in a Cool Climate—The letters of Mark Pattison and Meta Bradley 1879-1884* 413-14

PETER HEBBLETHWAITE

William McCarthy: *Hester Thrale Pioszi—Portrait of a literary woman* 414

JOHN CLIVE

Rupert Hart-Davis (Editor): *More Letters of Oscar Wilde* 414

DAVID NOKES

William Burroughs: *Queer* 415

HUMPHREY CARPENTER

Jay McInerney: *Ransom* 415

ADAM MARS-JONES

Patricia Highsmith: *Found in the Street* 415

GALEN STRAWSON

Ursula Holden: *Tin Toys* 415

SEAN FRENCH

William Wharton: *Pride* 416

CAROL RUMENS

Bobbie Ann Mason: *In Country* 416

PAUL DUGUID

Rosellind Brackenbury: *Crossing the Water* 416

ANNE BOSTON

Page Edwards: *The Lake—Father and son* 416

LESLEY CHAMBERLAIN

Freddie Hancock and David Nathan: *Hancock* 417

ISABEL FONSECA

Ray Calton and Alan Simpson: *The Best of Hancock* 417

ALAN COREN

Keith Waterhouse: *The Collected Letters of a Nobody—Including Mr Potter's advice to his son* 417

CRAIG BROWN

Reminders 418

ERICKSON

The periodicals: *Descant* 418

T. J. BINYON

Fifty years on 418

DAVID ROBEY

Letters on Robbins and After, 'Sexual Desire', 'The Mythmaker', etc 419

DAVID CAUTE

Commentary

PETER KEMP

Giordano Bruno: *Il candelajo* (The Pit, Barbican) 420

MARINA WARNER

David Lan: *Flight* (The Other Place, Stratford-upon-Avon) 420

EDWARD TIMMS

White Sui Blues (Radio 3) 420

JANET ADAM SMITH

Author, Author 420

WILLIAM DRABKIN

Alfred Gilbert (1854-1934): *Sculptor of Eros* (Royal Academy) 421

ARTHUR JACOBS

Vienne 1889-1938: *Naissance d'un siècle* (Pompidou Centre, Paris) 421

SARAH WHITFIELD

Scott's Magnum Opus returns 421

MARYANNE STEVENS

Douglas Johnson, Alan Tyson and Robert Winter: *The Beethoven Sketchbooks—History, reconstruction, inventory* 422

PHILIP CONISBEE

Cyril Ehrlich: *The Music Profession in Britain since the Eighteenth Century—A social history* 422

BARRY STROUD

Maria Lluïsa Borràs: *Picabla* 423

TROELS ENGBERG

Wolfgang Witrock: *Toulouse-Lautrec—The complete prints* 423

PEDERSEN

Riva Castleman and Wolfgang Witrock (Editors): *Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec—Images of the 1890s* 423

DAVID LEVERING LEWIS

Pierre-Louis Mathieu: *Gustave Moreau—The watercolours* 423

ANDREW SINCLAIR

J. L. Mackie: *Selected Papers—Volumes One and Two* 424

BARBARA GOODWIN

Brad Igwood: *Ethics and Human Action in Early Stoicism* 424

P. J. MARSHALL

Gilbert Warr: *William Hazlitt—Grace under pressure* 425

DARRELL BATES

K. Asstut Kerr: *Organized for Prohibition—A new history of the Anti-Saloon League* 425

R. B. WHYTE

Howard P. Segal: *Technological Utopianism in American Culture* 425

CLAIRE CROSS

Stephen Nell: *A History of Christianity in India 1707-1858* 426

CAROLINE BINGHAM

Phillip Caraman: *The Last Empire—The story of the Jesuits in Ethiopia 1555-1634* 426

J. A. SHARPE

Suzanne Wilson Barnett and John King Fairbank (Editors): *Christianity in China—Early Protestant missionary writings* 426

WILLIAM ST CLAIR

Maria Dowling: *Humanism in the Age of Henry VIII* 427

JOHN RICHETT

Patricia Hill Buchanan: *Margaret Tudor, Queen of Scots* 427

JOHN LEVETT

Anthony Fletcher and John Stevenson: *Order and Disorder in Early Modern England* 427

TERENCE CAVE

Ann Blainey: *Imperial Boy—A portrait of Leigh Hunt* 427

JENNY FENBERTHY

Robert A. McCown (Editor): *The Life and Times of Leigh Hunt—Papers delivered at a symposium at the University of Iowa, April 13, 1984* 427

John L. Wattman and Gerald G. McDaniel: *Leigh Hunt—A comprehensive bibliography* 428

Jan A. Bell: *Defoe's Fiction* 428

Virginia Ogden Birdsell: *Defoe's Perpetual Seekers—A study of the major fiction* 428

Hero Be Dragona (poem) 428

Michel Charles: *L'Arbre et la source* 429

Sandra M. Gilbert: *Emily's Bread* 429

Hilda Morley: *To Hold in My Hand—Selected poems, 1955-1983* 429

George Evans: *Nightvision* 429

Josephine Miles: *Collected Poems 1930-83* 429

Elder Olson: *Last Poems* 429

Chris Wallace-Crabbe: *The Amorous Cannibal* 430

B. E. Harrall-Bond: *Imposing Aid—Emergency assistance to refugees* 431

Helga Kuhse and Peter Singer: *Should the Baby Live?—The problem of handicapped infants* 431

Index of books reviewed 431

Among this week's contributions 432

Cover picture

This page from the Aztec *Codex Fejery-Mayer* (held in the Liverpool City Museum) shows the god Tescatliposca, patron of the Aztecs and a god associated with war and with the receipt of human sacrifice. He is depicted here eating the arm of a sacrificed prisoner.

The illustration on page 408 is a detail from *Códex Cospi* (held in the University Library, Bologna) and shows the Aztec sun god making offerings before a temple in which an eagle sits. Both illustrations are reproduced from *The Aztec Gods and Gods in Ancient Mexico* by Cottie Burland and Werner Forman (1984, 48, 0856139378), the paperback edition of which has recently been published by Orbis. The book was first published under the title *Feathered Serpent and Smoking Mirror* in 1975.

Songs and sagas of the old New World

Gordon Brotherston

JOHN BIERHORST (Editor and translator)
Cantares Mexicanos: Songs of the Aztecs
599pp. Stanford University Press. \$48.50.
08047 1182 8

JOHN BIERHORST
A Nahuatl-English Dictionary and Concordance to the Cantares Mexicanos with an Analytic Transcription and Grammatical Notes
751pp. Stanford University Press. \$69.50.
08047 1183 6

DENNIS TEDLOCK (Editor and translator)
Popol vuh: The definitive edition of the Mayan Book of the Dawn of Life and the Glories of Gods and Kings
380pp. New York: Simon and Schuster.
\$19.95.
0671 42541 X

Mexico, 1519-21: Hernán Cortés came, saw, and conquered; or rather, he did in his own view of the event. The missionary friars who followed in his footsteps quickly began to see things differently, and were for their part by no means as confident of what has been called "the spiritual conquest" of Mexico. Today their doubts seem well founded, evidence having been provided above all by texts in the native Mexican or Mesoamerican tradition, newly edited and translated like the two major examples under review here: the *Cantares Mexicanos* and the *Popol vuh*. The originals of both these date from the sixteenth century, though they first claimed public attention only in the nineteenth; and both extend in alphabetic versions of the two main literary languages of Mesoamerica, Nahuatl or Aztec (the *Cantares*) and Maya (*Popol vuh*), the long-standing pre-Columbian literary tradition of that area. Approaching texts of this order, from so difficult a moment in the history of relations between the Old and New Worlds, demands a certain tact: this is something the editors in question, John Bierhorst and Dennis Tedlock, have already displayed in previous studies of native American literature.

Your hearts are shaken down as paintings, o Montezuma. "I come bringing forth, come shaking down, these laughing ones. The Quetzal butterfly flowers come winging like plumes; I cause them to dance, making skilful music with a jade-water conch horn, melting jade flutes as though gold. "I crave your flowers, o Life-Giver, o God. Shaking them down, I'm provided with songs." (Song 44)

For a start, Bierhorst's approach makes excellent sense of the many Christian references in the manuscript, which previous commentators strove somehow to ignore or suppress, in a misplaced search for pre-Columbian purity. A signal case here is that of the eminent Mexican and Mexicanist Angel María Garibay, whose

Invocations such as this abound in the ninety-one poems or songs in the *Cantares Mexicanos*, with their dazzling appeal to the various human senses, and to the corresponding arts of music and painting—that is, writing in the iconographic script typical of the screen-fold books of Mesoamerica. In Nahuatl the normal word for poetry is flower-song (*xochitl-cuicatl*). At the same time, something of the social context can be gleaned from the reference to Montezuma, the emperor who welcomed Cortés and whose analogue in the quotation above is the "Life-Giver" who dispenses the very pleasure and animation the poem aims verbally to create.

In particular, the "hearts" and the "flowers" which are encouraged to rain down may be identified as warriors called back from the spirit world to help and urge on the company of singers below. This at least is the interpretation given to the *Cantares* by Bierhorst, who sees them predominantly as Ghost Songs, in the same native American tradition as those performed during the Great Plains Ghost Dance of the 1890s. He argues that Aztecs who survived Cortés's invasion regrouped in the mid-1550s, the date of most of the *Cantares*, consciously to further and revive their own cultural past, and specifically to negotiate through art the military defeat they had suffered at the hands of the Europeans and their Tlaxcalan and Huastecan allies.

This interpretation goes far beyond anything proposed by previous editors and translators of the *Cantares* over the past hundred years or so. Yet Bierhorst contrives to support it by thorough analysis of contemporary sixteenth-century documents, and by exposing the outright misconceptions about the *Cantares* that have grown up since that time. His strongest card is no doubt the translations themselves. For he is the first scholar actually to complete and publish a translation of the whole manuscript into any language. Only now, for all the debates about the true nature of the *Cantares*, has the basic evidence been made public; and on these grounds alone the appearance of this volume, and the accompanying *Dictionary and Concordance* (which critically establishes the original text), constitutes a major event.

For a start, Bierhorst's approach makes excellent sense of the many Christian references in the manuscript, which previous commentators strove somehow to ignore or suppress, in a misplaced search for pre-Columbian purity. A signal case here is that of the eminent Mexican and Mexicanist Angel María Garibay, whose

Concerned with aspects of dramatic form such as plot construction and characterization, the essays in this book focus on the texts of *The Merchant of Venice*, *Henry IV Parts 1 and 2*, *The Tenth Night*, *Hamlet*, *King Lear*, *Volpone*, *The Silent Woman*, *Bartholomew Fair*, *The Revenger's Tragedy*, *The Changeling* and *Don Quixote*.
301 pp. 0 521 30856 9 £27.50 net

Cambridge Iberian and Latin American Studies

Regaining Paradise

Milton and the Eighteenth Century
DUSTIN GRIFFIN

An exploration of the way in which Milton's poems served as a rich and fruitful resource for the English poets of the following century. The author looks, in particular, at Dryden, Pope, Thomson, Johnson, Cowper, Dennis, Warts, Akenside, Dyer and John Phillips.
312 pp. 0 521 30913 1 £25.00 net

Cambridge Studies in English Literature

Now in paperback

Hawthorne, Melville and the American Character

A Looking-Glass Business
JOHN P. McWILLIAMS

Books like this serve usefully to remind us that American literature is historical in not one but several ways; rooted in particular moments and places, dramatising a series of historically shaped and culturally representative problems and possibilities, it also ventures to give us an idea of the processes of history—a sense, that is, of all our lives in time.
The Times Higher Education Supplement
280 pp. 0 521 31146 2. Paperback £8.95 net

Cambridge Studies in Philosophy

Response to Revolution

Imperial Spain and the Spanish American Revolutions, 1810-1840
MICHAEL P. COSTELOE

Unlike most histories, this book looks at how the Spaniards themselves, not the heroic liberators, viewed the events of the anti-imperial revolutions of Latin America in the early nineteenth century, by analysing a broad spectrum of Spanish opinion from politicians and diplomats to journalists and merchants.
287 pp. 0 521 32083 6 £25.00 net

Cambridge Iberian and Latin American Studies

America's Commitment to South Korea

The First Decade of the Nixon Doctrine
JOO-HONG NAM

This book analyses the strategic rationale of the American security commitment to South Korea in the light of the possible failure of containment strategy in Indo-China. It identifies the principal conditions that have influenced changing American perspectives on South Korea, and examines some of the general problems of collective security in the region.
226 pp. 0 521 26765 X £22.50 net

LSE Monographs in International Studies

Trials and Punishments

R. A. DUFF

A study of the justification for a system of criminal punishment in which the author asks, in particular, whether such a system can be justified if we take seriously the moral demand that we respect each other as autonomous moral agents.
336 pp. 0 521 30818 6 £22.50 net

Cambridge Studies in Philosophy

Foundations of Social Choice Theory

Edited by JON ELSTER and AARUND HYLLAND

A volume of essays examining the philosophical foundations of social choice theory, a modern and sophisticated outgrowth of welfare economics. The most well known impossibility theorem was first proved by Kenneth Arrow in 1950, and has often been taken to show the impossibility of democracy as a procedure for making collective decisions. This interpretation is challenged by several of the contributors here.
264 pp. 0 521 25735 2 £25.00 net

Studies in Rationality and Social Change

Australian Realism

The Systematic Philosophy of John Anderson
A. J. BAKER

Outlining the realist and pluralist philosophy of John Anderson, Australia's most original thinker, this book exhibits the range of Anderson's thought from logic, epistemology and theory of mind, to language and social theory. It sketches realism as a systematic philosophical position while at the same time showing something of the history

dissolved back into water: in contradiction, the second proved too hard and inflexible. These were the "doll" people who used everything for their own exclusive benefit and who in the reign of darkness fell victim to raiders from the sky and to a domestic revolt in which their dogs and turkeys, and even their kitchen utensils, turned on them. As Alejo Carpentier observed, this element in American cosmogony makes of it perhaps the only one on the planet to warn against the dangers of exploitation and of the machine.

While those two operations result from direct cosmic control, specifically the communication between Heart of the Sky (likewise invoked in the *Cantares*) and Feather-snake, or the plumed serpent lying meditative and iridescent in the water, the story as it unfolds comes to rely more on the agency and efforts of earthly characters themselves. In the next episode, set it is said in the time of the doll people, these appear from the dream world of childhood, archetypes clad in scales or feathers whom the young hero Twins overcome thanks to their solidarity with early mammals. Arranged as a perfect quartet of sub-episodes, this stage of the text deals with metamorphosis and biological evolution while assigning names to the fixed stars and picking out the Pleiades within the zodiac.

Finally, the Twins' story is integrated into the full epic of their own and their father's lives: the astronomical model here is the apparent descent into the underworld, between west and east, of the planetary bodies in the zodiac, especially the sun and moon, Venus and Mercury. On descending, the father meets his death at the hands of the Lords of the Underworld or Xibalba, cigar-smoking potentates who excel in the rubber-ball game (the courts for which are found in the lowest archaeological stratum in Mesoamerica), and possessors already of the first plants developed in the New World. So that it is only miraculously, from the spittle of his skull, that the Twins are conceived by Blood Girl and can continue the story, carried to the upper world in her womb. Before themselves descending, they displace their monkey-like elder half-brothers, whose mother Alligator Macaw had genes inferior to those of Blood Girl, a daughter of Xibalba. Victorious where their father had failed, they lead the Lords of Xibalba actually to desire their own death; and they prepare the way for the creation of contemporary humans from maize, the crop which entered the Mesoamerican economy somewhere near 3000BC, the calendrical start of the present Era. Set in what is now palpably political time, the last half of the text recounts Quiche' national history, from days at lowland Tula, the first named city, to battles with people already occupying the Maya highlands.

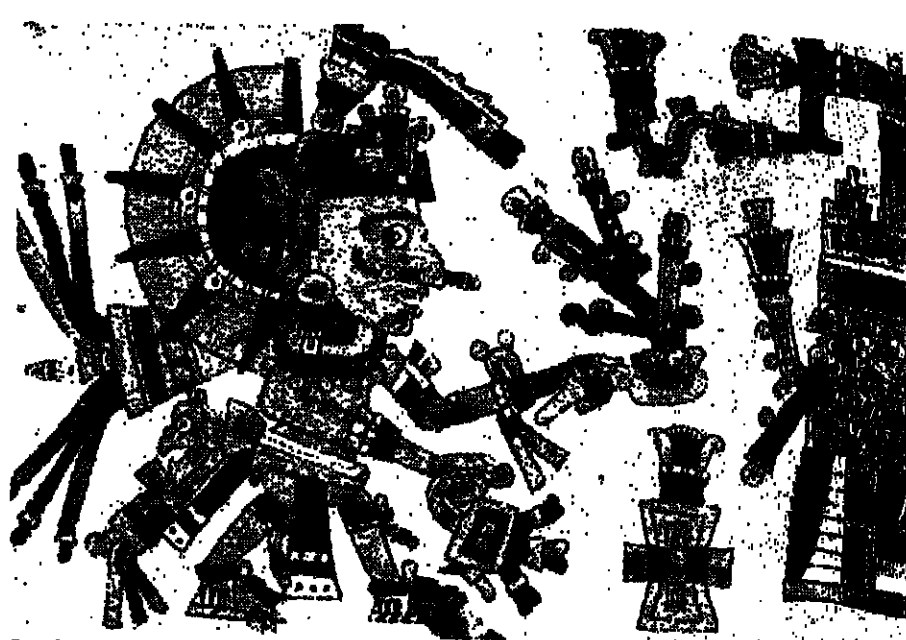
Overall, the *Popol vuh*, of which this is the briefest possible summary, stands as a masterpiece not just of New World but of world literature. Its scope makes of it a touchstone for cosmogonies from the New World as a whole: the story of the four world ages or Suns recounted in Nahuatl in the *Cuauhtlihan Annals*, for example; and beyond Mesoamerica such accounts as Guaman Poma's *Inca Chronicle* and the Orinoco Carib *Watumá*. Its intricate structure and pattern of time-scales, and its esoteric use of ritual Numbers and Signs, formally reflect the philosophy of time it recounts, and demand that it be read on several levels. This is the means, too, by which its time-spans are actually measured, down to the geological hundreds of millions of years more explicitly recorded in other native texts, all within a system which resists such simple-minded Western categories as synchronic and diachronic, mythic and historical, and so forth.

The first major translation of the work directly into English was provided by Munro Edmonson in 1971. Edmonson drew on his expertise as an anthropologist while at the same time drawing out the literariness of the text, not least its verse couplets, and its intricate structure of parts and episodes. Dennis Tedlock too is an anthropologist endowed with a keen literary sense, and was once a student of Edmonson's. He works directly from the Quiche, though unlike Edmonson he does not publish the original on the facing page. His particular contributions stem from two main sources: the time he has spent with the Quiche, agreeably testified to in his well-chosen photo-

graphic illustrations; and certain recent research into lowland Maya art and literature of the Classic period (AD 300-900), which throws new light on the highland text.

Tedlock's intimacy with the modern Quiche comes through in many new insights, often taken from conversations with the shaman Andrés Xiloj, with whom he went through the entire text. As a result, in the key opening description of the very first imaginable time on earth, he is the better able to gauge the tense and action of the verbs: "Now it still ripples, now it still murmurs, ripples, it still sighs, still hums, and it is empty under the sky." This takes us further from the sub-Genesis wording of previous translations, as does Tedlock's neat observation on the apparent parody of Adam as a "mud-person". Becoming familiar with the Quiche, and the ritual and calendar they still use today, helps him in particular to confirm Heart of the Sky "One Leg" as the hurricane (possibly a Maya word); to attach star-names to constellations; and, along the lines of published work by others (which he doesn't cite), to reinstate midwifery as a factor in the ritual *tonalamatl* and as a profession honoured in the text.

From comparisons with Classic Maya culture and lowland hieroglyphic texts, notably a series of vase paintings recently published as "scenes from the *Popol vuh*", Tedlock hypothesizes about the meaning of particular characters in the Quiche text, above all of the Twins, arguing cogently for their multiple identity and shifting astronomical significance. Against this it should be said that his insistence elsewhere on the universal significance of the synodic Venus cycle, as this is set out in the hieroglyphic Dresden screenfold, tends to dull



See the caption to the cover picture, page 406.

our awareness of the Quiche texts' finer structures and of how it moves, from episode to episode, through whole levels of time within a vast New World scheme of evolution. Nor does he choose to question the unproven assertion that the *Popol vuh* was originally written in lowland Maya hieroglyphic script rather than the iconographic variety found elsewhere, which is the one more readily identifiable with the "Tula script" referred to in the text itself. This in turn does not encourage Tedlock to recognize ritual paradigms in the text that are largely attenuated in the hieroglyphic tradition, like the midwife's Nine Night Figures in the story of Blood Girl or the augurs' Thirteen

Birds in the highly specific roles assigned to birds throughout the Quiche text. And it affects, too, his diagnosis of the "written" and "oral" antecedents of the *Popol vuh*, a subject on which in general he is a widely acknowledged authority, though admittedly less when it comes to the thorny corpus of texts in Mesoamerican script.

Tedlock's book is described in its subtitle as "The definitive edition of the Mayan Book of the Dawn of Life and the Glories of Gods and Kings". At the very least, like Bierhorst's edition of the *Cantares*, it should be welcomed as the best introduction so far, in English, to an American classic.

mistakes arise from Granzotto's ignorance of the historical context of Columbus's career. He thinks, for example, that the Genoese specialized in the spice trade, eschewed heavy cargoes, were forming "new social classes", reached (in the person of Antonio Maldonado) "the banks of the Senegal", were unwelcome in Spain, victimized Jews and retained Christianity only briefly after 1453. Equally unimpressive in a biography of Columbus is his failure to acquire even the most elementary knowledge of late medieval cosmography. Granzotto ignores some major sources and seems unaware of the ubiquity and variety of speculation about the extent of the Atlantic and the nature and location of antipodean lands; he thinks that Columbus "read" Marinus of Tyrus and heard of him from Pierre d'Ally. These and other gross errors could have been avoided by verifying references.

Taviani, despite his claims to scholarship, is hardly more reliable. His book is monumental, but is so prolix, digressive, repetitive and derivative that its useful content is slight and can all be found elsewhere. He has difficulty controlling his material, keep-frogging, sometimes apparently at random, between short, ill-connected paragraphs and "chapters", often less than a thousand words long. He has compiled a massive array of bibliographical references, but his method is capricious rather than critical; he fails to discriminate between secondary authorities, giving at different points, as much weight to Eric Bradford or Washington Irving as to scholars like Rumen de Armas, Verclinden or Aldo Milhous; his arguments are often of the fifty-million-Frenchmen-can't-be-wrong variety. And although he usually shows a thorough acquaintance with (albeit not always a sound understanding of) the works he cites, his command of the sources is patchy for the period outside the chronological limits of Columbus's life. His information, in particular on Henry the Navigator, the late medieval gold trade and the transmission of classical geography in the late Middle Ages, is garbled and defective. Wary scholars may find some use for this book as a bibliographical quarry, but they will prefer the cheap Italian edition of 1982. For students and "general readers" (at whom the English edition seems aimed), this book, like Granzotto's, is a siren in a Sea of Darkness: we shall hear many more such calls, no doubt, between now and the 500th anniversary of Columbus's voyage in 1992.

The end of procrastination

Anthony Hartley

DAVID COATES and JOHN HILLARD (Editors)
The Economic Decline of Modern Britain: The debate between left and right
380pp. Brighton: Wheatsheaf. £22.50 (paperback, £8.95).
074501076

The title of this book begs a question. For its subject-matter is, in fact, Britain's industrial decline, and it is assumed, without much proof, that this is equivalent to "economic decline". Implicit throughout this collection of "readings" on British "de-industrialization", dating from the 1960s to the present, is the notion that in an economy a healthy service sector is, in some way or other, inferior to a tottering manufacturing one. This is a value judgment which makes curious reading at a time when, in all post-industrial societies, more and more of the labour force is employed in providing services.

The Economic Decline of Modern Britain addresses itself to two questions. First, what are the immediate causes of the decline of British industry, which, so it seems, did not become acute before the 1970s? And, second, why has it been overtaken by European and other competitors over the past hundred years or so? Unfortunately, there are some gaps in the discussion of both these points. Little is said about British industry's performance in the inter-war years when it did not do so badly, developing new technologies and recovering more quickly from the slump than any other Western country with the exception of Dr Schacht's Germany. There is not much either about Mrs Thatcher's government, apart from an essay by one of the editors which falls into the category of invective rather than discussion. In particular, there are no recent statistics which would reflect the real economic growth by Britain since 1983. Nor, oddly, is there any discussion of the economic consequences of Britain's entry into the European Community and the reorientation of trade that has resulted from this. Yet this change has some relevance to a subject that can hardly be treated effectively through the determined provincialism which presides over some of these contributions.

Since the early 1970s, British industry has had to cope with sweeping changes in the type and location of industry and in the direction of trade; with inflation and a low return on investment (2.9 per cent in 1976); with the resistance of trade unions to industrial rationalization; and with regulations which have increased the cost of employing labour. Small wonder that the onset of recession and the delayed arrival of structural change have brought with them a

high rate of unemployment. Had the rationalization of British manufacturing industry started in the late 1960s or early 1970s, then it is probable that many of the redundancies could have been absorbed. But, of course, the health of British industry cannot be measured by the numbers employed in it, as, for example, is the case in Nigel Harris's contribution. On the contrary, it is probable that the less labour manufacturing industry employs, the healthier it is likely to be. Recently British Steel has been pulled back from the brink of extinction by large-scale cuts in its workforce.

These are world-wide problems which exist, for instance, in the other countries of the European Community. After all, there is a "Dutch disease" as well as a *mal anglaise*. Why then has the crisis been more acute in Britain? Here, no doubt, we can start with Eric Hobsbawm's sensible remark that "the loss of dynamism in British industry . . . was the result ultimately of the early and long-sustained start as an industrial power". This, at any rate, seems more probable than M. J. Weiner's theory of a British "anti-industrial" culture, which was in fact a set of attitudes common to the Romantic movement as a whole.

What is undoubtedly true is that the existence of the British Empire resulted in a pre-occupation on the part of imperial rule, which had little to do with economic dynamism and which, when extrapolated into solutions for domestic problems, meant increasing reliance on the intervention of a state whose prestige was guaranteed by its international standing. The British Empire may have been acquired in a fit of absent-mindedness, but it was kept by extreme attention, which formed habits of thought unsuited to entrepreneurial activity.

Many causes of British industrial decline are mentioned in this book, with the familiar scapegoats of "finance capital", the class system and the trade unions prominent among them. However, it might be more instructive to look in another direction - towards those British virtues of moderation and a taste for compromise on which we have traditionally prided ourselves, but whose counterpart can be sluggishness and indecision. Keith Middlemas has shown how, under the influence of two wars, institutions were created with successfully mediated industrial and social conflict. The perfectly valid ideal of "one nation", generated in wartime, resulted in a disinclination to do anything to which any class of society might object. Change is always unwelcome to somebody, and the desire to achieve a consensus before changing anything ends in stagnation. Of course, the transformation cannot be put off for ever, and delay will increase the price to be paid for it. Perhaps Britain has now arrived at the point where procrastination ends. If so, the symptoms which we feel every day as pain are also signs of life.

Political lucky dip

John Turner

DAVID OWEN
A United Kingdom: An argument and a challenge for a better Britain
220pp. Penguin. Paperback, £2.95.
014 0093486

The greatest challenge presented by *A United Kingdom* is to discover its argument. David Owen endlessly repeats the point that Britain has been badly governed for the past thirty years; that this has led to economic decline; and that proportional representation will make everything better. This is because the swings of two-party government have caused damaging reversals of economic policy in Britain. By contrast, the economies of other countries with proportional representation systems and coalition governments have flourished. In Britain PR would bring about a majority coalition government in which the Social Democratic Party led by David Owen would play a part; and the SDP's policies would, in due course, lead to economic regeneration. In particular, coalition would thrive on consensus, and thwart the confrontational enthusiasms of Labour and Conservative.

Some of what Owen argues is undoubtedly right. The SDP is very unlikely to make an impact on Parliament without PR of some sort. Hence every centre party in British politics has agitated for PR ever since Ramsay MacDonald kicked the ladder down in the Liberals' faces in 1929. PR is Owen's best hope for the premiership; he knows it, and no one will grudge him the attempt to get it. After that, the argument begins to creak. It takes a pretty determined ignorance of history to locate the origin of Britain's economic decline within the last thirty years. To look back to the blessed days of coalition (remember the essential decency of the Lloyd George Coalition and the economic

dynamism of the National Government?) is to plunge head first into Wonderland. It is contestable whether acts of government, let alone forms of government, determine economic outcomes. Faced with these problems, Owen calls in a *non sequitur*, remarking that "the fact that Italy in 1985 surpassed the UK in its standard of living implies that the quality of Italian government is better than ours". Another, in some ways more remarkable, example is the appeal to the case of Israel "with its too-pure system of proportional representation, [which] has had an enviable record of national unity when forced to defend the state". Indeed it has, and if Britain were attacked by a coalition of displaced Cornish Celts, with logistical support from western Brittany and County Cork, so no doubt should we.

But Owen does not have much time for difficult economic argument or logical niceties, for he has to get on with the politics. Much of the book is taken up with a mass of detail churned out of the SDP research machine. Some of it is very, very old: technical education, first raised by Prince Albert, is still on the agenda, as is industrial co-partnership, a union-busting ploy first thought up in the 1880s. Some of it is the detailed policy of yesterday afternoon: twenty-four-hour caretakers for high-rise blocks, "factor analysis" for public sector pay calculations, more nurses in National Health Service administration. There is an open-handed generosity to the universities that reflects the SDP's large following among academics. There is a distinct affection for "the market" as a tool of management, but no attempt to define the famous "social market" theory whose nature remains quite opaque. It is a lucky dip of proposals, each apparently written by an "expert" pressure group more used to communicating with its own kind than with the general public, and not very good at relating its work to a common set of values or beliefs about the causes of change. This is a book like Winston Churchill's pudding: it has no ideology, and it has no theme.

New From Chicago

University of Chicago Readings in Western Civilization
JOHN W. BOYER & JULIUS KIRSCHNER, GENERAL EDITORS

The *University of Chicago Readings in Western Civilization* is a new series which makes available to students and teachers a unique selection of primary documents - many never before anthologized, many in new translations or reedited for an undergraduate audience. These readings were prepared by an outstanding group of scholars for the highly praised Western civilization sequence at the University of Chicago.

Volume 3: The Church in the Roman Empire

EDITED BY KARL F. MORRISON

£16.95 Cloth 256pp 0-226-06938-9; £5.50 Paper 0-226-06939-7

Volume 4: Medieval Europe

EDITED BY JULIUS KIRSCHNER & KARL F. MORRISON

£25.50 Cloth 472pp 0-226-06942-7; £8.50 Paper 0-226-06943-5

Volumes 1, 2, 5 and William H. McNeill's *Handbook to the series* will be published in July. Volumes 6-9 will be available later in the year.

Mythistory and Other Essays

WILLIAM H. MCNEILL

William H. McNeill here reflects on the craft of history and his lifelong engagement with the discipline. In the process he deflates the notion that historians are purely objective, living outside and beyond the historical processes they record and analyse.

£16.95 Cloth 236pp 0-226-56135-6

History, Truth, Liberty

Selected Writings of Raymond Aron

RAYMOND ARON

Edited by Franciszek Druż; with a memoir by Edward Shils

The essays collected in *History, Truth, Liberty* display the philosophical foundation of Aron's intellectual and political commitment. Ranging over some thirty years, the essays are concerned with the nature of history, modern history and the role of war, Marxism, the sociology of modern man, and international politics.

£23.50 Cloth 400pp 0-226-02800-3

Byzantium

Church, Society and Civilization Seen Through Contemporary Eyes

DENO JOHN GEANKOPOLOS

Nowhere else can one find a gold mine of Byzantine source texts in such systematic presentation. John W. Barker, *History*

£15.95 Paper 526pp 0-226-28461-1

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

GEORGE SZIRTES

Fundamental matters of government

Jeremy Waldron

JEFFREY JOWELL and DAWN OLIVER (Editors)
The Changing Constitution
 377pp. Oxford: Clarendon Press. £25
 (paperback, £12.95).
 019 8761767

It used to be the custom for lawyers and politicians in this country to congratulate themselves on the fact that the British political system lacked a written constitution and a formally entrenched declaration of fundamental rights along the lines of those found in most other countries. Paper rights by themselves, it was said, were no hedge against repression, and what Burke called the "entailed liberties of Englishmen" were said to be more serviceable against tyranny than the "abstract" and "alien" doctrine of the rights of man. As the father of English constitutional law, A. V. Dicey, put it, though our Habeas Corpus Acts "declare no principle and define no rights, they are for practical purposes worth a hundred constitutional articles guaranteeing individual liberty".

The essays in *The Changing Constitution* have been written one hundred years after the publication of Dicey's *The Law of the Constitution*, and their effect is to shake our confidence in that traditional view. In "The Constitution: Decline and renewal", Anthony Lester shows that Englishmen are being driven increasingly to seek European remedies for the protection of their native rights, as the apparatus of English law proves incapable of checking such abuses as the maltreatment of detainees in Northern Ireland, the deprivation of the right of British Asians to enter their only country of

citizenship, the wrongful confinement of patients in mental hospitals, the restriction of prisoners' rights to communicate with their lawyers, judicial interference with freedom of expression, and so on. Lester points out the irony in our now regarding as "foreign" principles that were first formulated by English political philosophers long before they found expression in the constitutions of the American and European republics. And he warns of the dangers involved in our failure to reform our own constitutional arrangements: the protection of rights already evokes as a matter of course the "xenophobia" of a people still suspicious of the European connection and the "resentment of legislators jealous of the dilution of their pretended sovereignty".

Parliamentary sovereignty and the prospect of the entrenchment of a Bill of Rights is a major theme in this collection. It is easy to see how Parliament might give a Bill of Rights paramount force over the exercise of executive power, but could it limit its own competence in the same way? A. W. Bradley suggests that this is in large part a matter of how the courts would respond to any subsequent legislation that was incompatible with the Bill of Rights: "the sovereignty of Parliament describes in formal terms the relationship which exists between the legislature and the courts". I wonder if this isn't too legalistic a definition. Parliamentary sovereignty is a doctrine as much about the behaviour of officials as about the behaviour of judges, and officials usually respond directly to legislation and only exceptionally to the direction of the courts. If, at some future time, it became apparent that, in cases of conflict, officials were administering, say, European Community law rather than local statutes, that would be a reason for doubting the survival of

parliamentary sovereignty whatever the courts were saying. One of the gaps in this collection is the lack of any detailed discussion of the role of judges in our system, but clearly it would be wrong to treat the courts as an entirely independent variable in the constitutional equation. I think Bradley is closer to the mark when he writes later in his essay that the judicial attitude towards European law and the possibility of a local Bill of Rights "might develop in response to legislative initiative and might be affected by a wide range of as yet unknown political developments". It would have been nice, though, to have an essay speculating about what these developments might be.

Judicial control is only one way of restraining the executive. Jeffrey Jowell points out that judges are usually anxious not to be seen interfering with the substance of ministerial decisions: on substantive matters, the executive is said to be accountable primarily to Parliament, not the courts. But this is not always a responsibility that Parliament can or should embrace. Though the organs of Parliamentary accountability have improved in recent years, there are many aspects of executive power which are difficult for outsiders to scrutinize effectively. Terence Daintith argues that the executive works through the deployment of economic incentives as well as through the imposition of law and regulation, and the former power is much less visible from a parliamentary point of view. Moreover, as several of the essays emphasize, the executive should not be seen as a monolith. The control of local authorities by Parliament raises serious issues of autonomy, the control of public corporations raises issues of managerial efficiency, and the control of the police issues of political neutrality; and all of these are different from control of the aloof

monarchical establishment in Whitehall.

Even the apparatus of central government does not act as a unit. In one of the best essays in the collection, Michael Elliot points out the way in which the Treasury checks and restrains the activities of other departments, remarking that "to suggest to any inhabitant of Whitehall that public-expenditure decisions were not subject to constant scrutiny would, rightly, provoke a hollow laugh". There is an important general point here. We must not assume that the traditional categories of constitutional law are the best ones for understanding the workings of our political system. The use of terms like "executive" can too easily obscure the fact that the agencies of the state are capable of being used as instruments of public accountability as well as instruments of political power.

The lack of a written constitution in the United Kingdom has at least one advantage: it means that we are not pinned down to any ancient or pre-established theory about what is fundamental and what is not in our political system. Most people would agree that issues like parliamentary sovereignty and ministerial responsibility count as "constitutional", but a volume like this is able to focus on topics like the organization of political parties, the management of the nationalized industries, the power of select committees and the issue of proportional representation, and show that these also raise fundamental questions about the way in which Britain is governed. The distinction between constitutional law, on the one hand, and the theory and science of politics, on the other, has always been an artificial one. It is a pleasant surprise to read through a volume whose editors are so obviously committed to closing that gap.

Out-rationalizing the rationalists

Murray MacBeath

DOUGLAS R. HOFSTADTER
Metamagical Themas: Questing for the essence of mind and pattern
 85pp. Viking. £18.95.
 0670 806870

The title of Douglas R. Hofstadter's new book is too cryptic to give one a clue as to the contents. In fact, it is an anagram of "Mathematical Games", the name of a column Martin Gardner contributed to *Scientific American* for many years; and Hofstadter's book is a collection of the twenty-six columns that he wrote as Gardner's successor, together with seven other pieces and postscripts to all thirty-three. But if the title is uninformative, no alternative could readily have conveyed to the innocent browser an idea of what to expect inside: articles on self-referential sentences (such as "This is a self-referential sentence"), sexist language, Chöpin, tessellation, typefaces, Rubik's Cube, the programming language "Lisp", quantum mechanics, artificial intelligence, the genetic code and the arms race.

Intiguing connections are drawn between these disparate topics: the themes of pattern and analogy, of perception and creativity, constantly recur. Some of the pieces are less well integrated than others; among them a woefully superficial piece on literary nonsense, in which the demands of meeting a monthly deadline perhaps make themselves apparent, and the Chöpin article, which is a reminder of how difficult it is to be metamagical about music. But the successes greatly outweigh the failures, and the skill with which Hofstadter communicates the information needed to understand the more technical topics is remarkable, while his enthusiasm for everything he writes about should infect any reader who is not put off by the constant autobiographical slant, or by the puns and the schoolboy expletives — "good grief!", "whew!", "groan!", "super-ugh!".

Metamagical Themas is not a sequel to Hofstadter's brilliant first book, *Gödel, Escher, Bach*, but it does share many of the same central concerns; in particular, the view that if "genuine artificial intelligence" is to be created, it will have to be from the bottom up:

cognition — that rational-seeming level of our minds — [is] a consequence of much deeper processes of myriads of interacting subcognitive structures. The rational has had entirely too much made of it in AI research; it is time for some of the irrational and subcognitive to be recognized for its pivotal role.

Hofstadter is opposed to a rationalist conception of intelligence: he thinks the mind to be less like a domino chain than "a bathtub full of spring-loaded mousetraps holding ping-pong balls", an analogy that rationalists are likely to feel is inimical to an adequate account of rationality itself. Now Hofstadter is, in fact, no enemy of rationality, as is clear from the article in which he celebrates the debunking activities of *Skeptical Inquirer*. But it is also clear that he would not go along with the view that human beings are essentially rational: that same article cites some evidence of remarkable credulity among undergraduate students.

Even more interesting is an experiment that Hofstadter himself conducted. He announced in the pages of *Scientific American* a lottery in which the first and only prize was a number of dollars equal to one million divided by the number of entries. One could enter as many times as one liked, simply by writing the number of one's entries on a single postcard. Hofstadter's money was safe: scores of entrants used their ingenuity to come up with vast numbers, thereby making the prize worthless for themselves or for anyone else. About half of the 2,000 entrants sent in only one entry, which is a good deal more sensible, in part because it implies a recognition by such people that their opponents are in the same boat as themselves. But that recognition, Hofstadter argues, could have been made more of: there was a way in which all potential entrants could have acted which would probably have secured

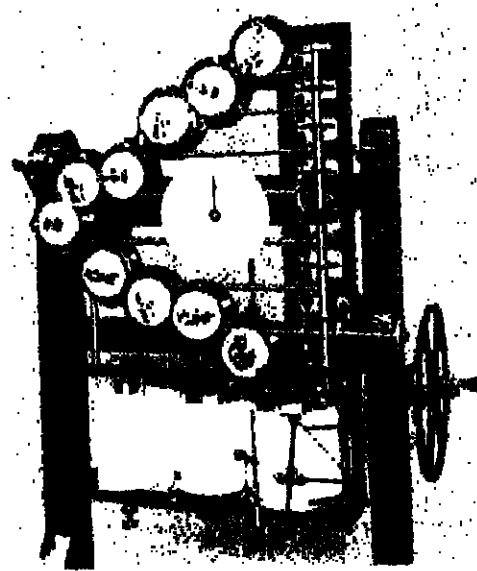
for one of them the full million dollars.

Hofstadter claims for his argument an importance which goes far beyond game theory, for he suggests that the same kind of recognition could bring an end to the nuclear arms race. The recognition that any reason that I have to adopt a particular strategy is also a reason for you to adopt the same strategy, should provide both me and you independently with powerful reasons for disarming, since that is the strategy which, if we both pursue it, leaves us both best off.

Hofstadter is now out-rationalizing the rationalists. He is advocating that, instead of being merely rational and saying "I don't know what you're going to do, so I'm best off if I play it tough", we should be super-rational and say "You're a rational being like me, so you'll do what I do; and on that assumption, I'm best off if I am accommodating." The proposition "You'll do what I do" turned out to be false in the case of the lottery, as, indeed, Hofstadter knew it would; so it is highly questionable what merit there is in an argument which employs that proposition as a premise. None the less, in the case of the arms race, it may well be that the position is more symmetrical. If not, what we have to fall back on is the terrible, though arguably rational, argument "If you do something objectionable, I'll do something very irrational."

A vigorous engagement with moral issues is what those who have read *Gödel, Escher, Bach* will find most strikingly new in *Metamagical Themas*. Another example is a chapter which invites us to assume that the word "racism" is an "awkward neologism, constructed by analogy with the well-established term 'sexism'". What follows is written as a splanetic attack on the black libbers or negriests, who object, for example, to the phrase "All whites are created equal". One of the most telling passages is this defence of the practice of the white in the street:

there is a tradition in our society of calling unemployed blacks "Nies" and employed blacks "Mrs."



Lord Kelvin's tide predictor (1873), the first automatic analog calculator: reproduced from Stan Augarten's *Bit by Bit: An illustrated history of computers* (334pp., with over 100 colour and over 200 black-and-white illustrations. Allen and Unwin. Paperback, £9.95. 0040010074).

Most blacks — in fact, the vast majority — prefer it that way. . . . Unemployed blacks want prospective employers to know they are available, without having to ask embarrassing questions. Likewise, employed blacks are proud of having found a job, and wish to let the world know they are employed.

Most of the illustrations are an asset to the book, and it is a pity that more care was not taken with the printing of them and with the accuracy of the captions. However, there are some drawings which detract from the force of the verbal images in the text, the images which it is Hofstadter's gift to be able to dream up as a way of making accessible complex theoretical ideas. Some misfire, like the "slippery slope, along which connotations slosh back and forth"; but others will make a lasting contribution to every reader's stock of ping-pong balls.

Questioning the judiciary

Geoffrey Marshall

LAURENCE H. TRIBE
Constitutional Choices
 458pp. Harvard University Press. £27.25.
 0674 165381

In the course of the past two decades American constitutional law has been treated to progressively larger injections of constitutional theory. In its transatlantic sense that term means a concern, preoccupation or obsession with the rationale and techniques of the judicial process and particularly the review of federal and state legislation. How (it is asked) can the judicial role in the moulding of national policy be justified in a democratic republic? How are the general purposes and values incorporated in the Constitution to be discovered? Should the courts inquire into the views and intentions of the founders of the Constitution? Should they scrutinize the text itself? Should they bring to bear on it their own moral intuitions, or should they defer wherever possible to the substantive policy judgments of elected legislative bodies? And so on.

Laurence H. Tribe, of the Harvard Law School, is the author of what is perhaps the best-known treatise on American constitutional law. Pending a second edition, he has provided in the essays in *Constitutional Choices* a brisk commentary on developments since 1978. (There are, strikingly, 158 pages of foot-

notes and references, solidly underpinning 265 pages of text.)

He kicks off on a distinctly sceptical note about the relevance of general guides to action. In "The Futile Search for Legitimacy" he has in mind not, I think, the general justification of the judicial branch's role in the United States polity but the legitimization of particular judicial decisions by reference to general theories or guidelines. The customary propounding of normative criteria, he argues, is fruitless, because "those who struggle to ground anything so complex as judicial review in any such more deeply secure foundation" are "destined to leave us and themselves unsatisfied — caught in an infinite regress". If we look to the intentions of the framers we may then have to ask, for example, why their intentions should matter. Each answer leads to deeper questions. But this seems unconvincing. Any justificatory move may indeed provide a regress to more general levels of argument, but the regress need not be infinite and those who have commended deference, say, to evidence of historical intention or to alleged general purposes of the constitutional framework, have usually been happy to supply more general reasoning in support of their suggestions.

In addition, however, Tribe suggests that leaning on alleged or external criteria is in some way an attempt to avoid personal responsibility for the making of constitutional choices or an attempt to disguise the indeterminacy or inescapable subjectivity of many of the Constitution's crucial terms. Of course no one would wish to say that any given criterion or theory of construction would remove indeterminacy, but it is not easy to see how choices can simply be "made" without being made in the light of some specifiable criteria. What is to be gathered, exactly, from the proposition that "Constitutional interpretation is a practice alive with choice but laden with content"? What else could it contain or be laden with? It sounds hard work, for sure.

Tribe, one feels, is telling us just that, and inviting us to follow him. If so, we may do it the more willingly when we see that he immediately abandons his reluctance to engage in debate about general normative criteria and, in "The Pointless Flight from Substance", argues in opposition to John Hart Ely's theory, propounded in *Democracy and Distrust* (1980), that the judiciary should not (as Ely suggests)

be guided in its role by the supposition that the Constitution is in principle concerned only with establishing processes and fair procedural channels that will facilitate the making of substantive political choices by the non-judicial branches of government. On the contrary, he argues, the Constitution displays a clear commitment to substantive values, among which are religious liberty, private property, just compensation and anti-slavery. Even the most obviously procedural concerns of the Fifth and Fourteenth Amendments, such as the securing of fair treatment for criminal defendants, make no sense except as means to a substantive end of preventing the government from treating individuals as objects, and thus looking in general to substantive right protection. These considerations, if valid, obviously imply different normative criteria for constitutional choice from those that would follow from the acceptance of Ely's procedural analysis of constitutional norms. So it seems important to avoid the wrong general normative criteria before flexing one's Constitutional choosing muscles and pitching into one's content-laden choices.

These essays range over a number of issues affecting the federal system and the federal separation of powers: racial and sexual equality, property and the Fourteenth Amendment state-action requirement. In the field of the separation of powers, two major issues of recent years have concerned the extent of Congressional power. One is the ambit of the implicit limitation on Congress's apparently unlimited power to restrict the appellate jurisdiction of the Supreme Court and indeed of all federal courts. A considerable number of jurisdiction-stripping bills have been introduced into Congress in response to judicial decisions about abortion, racial desegregation and school prayer. Tribe (perhaps here praying in aid some normative criteria of interpretation) argues that the framers of the Constitution cannot be supposed to have authorized Congress to impair any rights they please, so long as their action is clothed in the garb of a reassignment of jurisdiction. The conclusion is that Congress's jurisdictional power, under Article III (2), is itself limited by the requirements of due process and equal protection in the Fifth and Fourteenth Amendments. Otherwise Congress could deprive particular classes of citizens of Constitutional protection — for

example, by making federal damage action available to whites only — or institute censorship by manipulating jurisdiction to grant injunctions.

A second major question concerning the separation of powers is the long struggle over the power of legislative veto of presidential and executive action broadly condemned in 1983 by the Supreme Court in *I.N.S. v. Chadha*. Tribe is rightly caustic about the Court's invalidation of an entire class of statutes on the basis of an atypical example, and even suggests that the decision might represent a conservative leaning against the legislative machinery, emerging since the 1930s, of the modern administrative state. Perhaps an alternative explanation is that the Court had used up its stock of understanding for administrative necessity in *Dames and Moore v. Reagan* (the Iranian claims case), in which the Court upheld the President's entitlement under Congressional authority to suspend the contractual claims of American citizens and to use their property rights as diplomatic bargaining counters against Ayatollah Khomeini.

All of this reinforces the view that the key line between structural or procedural questions and the protection by the courts of substantive rights is an inept basis for generalization about the role of judicial review in the United States. That in a way is one of the implicit themes of these essays. There is plenty that is explicitly on substantive rights — in particular, on the Court's recent invention or discovery of a jumble of new categories of free speech and action for professional advisers, corporate businesses and protesting anti-nuclearists. Despite Tribe's initial disclaimer, the acute and wide-ranging commentary also offers extensive proof that Americans cannot simply choose what to believe about the Constitution in the absence of all interpretive theory. If there have been some odd theories, about lately, the remedy is better theories, not agnosticism.

The second edition of *Justices and Presidents: a political history of appointments to the Supreme Court* by Henry J. Abraham (430pp. Oxford University Press. £24.50; 0-19-50349-1) has recently been published. A chapter has been added to cover a dozen years in which the Court has continued to manifest its embrace of an activist role.

The Catholicity of the Church

S. J. Avery Dulles

Nearly all Christians profess allegiance to the holy catholic church, but the meaning of the term 'catholic' is disputed. This book traces the various meanings of the word as historically used and probes the various aspects of catholicity, beginning with its divine source in Christ as 'the first-born of all creation', and including a discussion of whether any Christian church can plausibly claim to be catholic today.

0-19-826676-8, Clarendon Press £17.50

The Catholic Faith

Roderick Strange

A presentation of the essential Roman Catholic belief, written particularly for Roman Catholic students uncertain about the details of their faith and older Catholics puzzled by what has happened since Vatican II. It will also be of interest to Christians of other denominations.

0-19-826685-5 £12.50
 0-19-826061-1, Oxford Paperbacks £3.95

Founders of Faith

Jesus, the Buddha, Muhammed, and Confucius

Bamphrey Carpenter, Michael Carrithers, Michael Cook, and Raymond Dawson

What are the distinctive features of each of the traditions attached to these four great religious leaders? Why has each had such a profound and lasting influence on the way people think today, whether they call themselves 'religious' in the narrow sense or not? These are the main themes of this book, originally published in four separate sections in Oxford's Past Masters series under the general editorship of Keith Thomas.

0-19-826765-8 £14.95

Judaism

Nicholas de Lange

Judaism is a religion about which there are many misconceptions partly because of its very familiarity, partly because of certain stereotypes derived from Christian missionary propaganda of an earlier age. This book aims to give the reader insight by presenting Judaism from the inside, but in a way accessible to non-Jewish readers.

0-19-219108-6 £9.95

The Donatist Church

A Movement of Protest in Roman North Africa

W. H. C. Frend

Professor Frend discusses the history of Donatism from its forerunners in Tertullian and Cyprian to its decline in the years after the struggle with Augustine. First published in 1952, the book is now reissued for the second time (it has been unavailable since 1976), with a new preface and an extended bibliography.

0-19-826408-9, Clarendon Press £26.00

The Theology of Huldrych Zwingli

Rev. Dr. W. P. Stephens

The first comprehensive study in English of the theology of the Swiss religious reformer, Huldrych Zwingli (1484-1531). Drawing on the whole range of Zwingli's writings, the book presents his theology as developing in controversy with Catholics, radicals, and Lutherans, and argues for continuity between the early and the later Zwingli.

0-19-826677-4, Clarendon Press £27.50

Nebuchadrezzar and Babylon

D. J. Wiseman

This new examination of the reign of Nebuchadrezzar II of Babylon (605-562 B.C.), includes revised interpretations of the Babylonian Chronicles for his reign, especially for the years of the campaigns against the West, Judah, and the capture of Jerusalem.

0-19-726040-3, OUP/British Academy £17.00

Schweich Lectures on Biblical Archaeology (1983)

The Orthodox Church in the Byzantine Empire

J. M. Hussey

Part I of this book discusses the landmarks in ecclesiastical affairs within the Empire as well as contacts with neighbours, especially Slavs and westerners. Part II gives a brief account of the structure of the medieval Orthodox Church, its officials and organization, its form of monasticism, the development of the eucharist and the liturgical year, and the spirituality of patry, monks, and clergy.

0-19-826901-3, Clarendon Press £36.00

Oxford History of the Christian Church

Religious titles from

Oxford
 University Press

Beyond Theism

A Grammar of God-Language

Theodore W. Jennings

Opens up significant new approaches to one of the most important problems confronting theology and the philosophy of religion: i.e. the problem of 'god-language'. What does it mean when we talk about 'god'? Does this term actually refer to anything in our experience? The author attempts to unravel the difficulties surrounding these questions, which have been intensified by the twentieth-century philosophical preoccupation with language analysis.

0-19-503613-1, OUP USA £28.00

God and His People

Covenant and Theology in the Old Testament

Ernest W. Nicholson

An endeavour to show that, while in some important respects we are indeed in much the same position today with regard to the covenant as were some leading scholars a century ago, in other ways the intervening debate has made it possible to see far more clearly than they did just how crucial the covenant idea was in the development of what is distinctive in the faith of Israel.

0-19-826886-7, Clarendon Press £22.50

Journal of Theological Studies

Widely read by students and teachers of theology and by those who are interested in biblical and theological problems. Each issue normally consists of three parts: original articles of some length, short notes and studies, and reviews of English and foreign theological works.

22-8185 Subscriptions (Volume 37): £26.00 (UK); US\$80.00 (N. America); £44.00 (Elsewhere)

For further details of Oxford religious titles write to: Jennifer Cramb, Academic Publicity, OUP, Walton Street, Oxford OX2 6DR. Details of Oxford Journals can be obtained from the Journals Subscription Department at the same address.

Mass sacrifice

F. L. Carsten

ALLAN MERSON
Communist Resistance in Nazi Germany
372pp. Lawrence and Wishart. £15.
0853156018

It is well known that the German Communists contributed by far the largest contingent to the active opposition in Nazi Germany and that they suffered fearful casualties. Of about 300,000 party members in 1932, it is estimated that about half were arrested and some 25,000 paid with their lives. It was, as one of their leaders said in 1935, "mass heroism". Perhaps it is even more remarkable that a large number of the Communists who were active during the war years had already been arrested and then released from concentration camps; they knew exactly what was in store for them and nevertheless risked everything.

Allan Merson's aim, he says, is "to sum up in simple terms what is known at present about Communist Resistance" and "to indicate some of the more important questions arising". Indeed, thanks to detailed research in East as well as West Germany, a great deal has become known in recent years, mainly from police and legal records, and Merson's book is solidly based on these works and on the many documents and memoirs published, above all in East Germany. As the writings of Detlev Peukert, Horst Duhnke and Tim Mason show, Western historians, too, recognize the heroism and the sacrifices of the German Communists during the twelve years of the dictatorship.

The colossal scale of the sacrifices was partly due to the tactics and methods of the German

Communist Party (KPD). During the early years of the Third Reich the party continued to call for "mass actions" and refused to change its tactics. Slogans were painted on walls, red flags hoisted on factory chimneys, newspapers printed and sold, party membership cards duly stamped for contributions; even party archives were kept in true bureaucratic style, with carbon copies of letters kept in suitcases. Not even the slogans were changed. In March 1934 the party organ, *Rote Fahne*, still proclaimed: "Long live the general strike! Long live the armed uprising!" The mass actions called for by the leaders were, as Merson admits, "suicidally costly", and after a few years they had to be given up, simply because the cadres to carry them out no longer existed.

In later years the Communists, like the Social Democrats, worked through frontier posts from countries bordering on Germany and through instructors sent in from outside for short periods. What had been party cells became often isolated, small groups of former party members and their friends. Yet several times the KPD tried to re-establish inside Germany a "Central Operative Leadership", with contacts in many parts of the country, and to maintain links with it through couriers or - during the war - through parachutists; methods which were still suicidal in the conditions of Nazi Germany. In addition, the Gestapo closely observed leading Communists released from concentration camps and, in several vital cases, infiltrated its agents into Communist networks.

These events are recounted in detail, as are the changes and twists of the official party line. Merson sees "no reason to cast doubt" on the enormous figures of underground leaflets and

papers claimed by the party as published in 1933-4, not even on the alleged print run of *Rote Fahne* of 300,000 copies: considerably more than it had been in its legal days. The Russian purges are mentioned because they made the Social Democratic leadership "more suspicious of the Communists"; and the same applied to the "conflicts in Spain between Trotskyists or anarchists on the one hand and Communists on the other". In fact, socialist volunteers for the International Brigades were murdered in Spain because their views differed from the Communists'; and very ordinary German Social Democrats - not just the leaders - refused any co-operation with the Communists when this became known. Even Ulbricht, the KPD leader, was reduced to silence when confronted with their names in a discussion and promised an official inquiry (which never took place). Merson also omits to mention that hundreds of exiled German Communists fell victim to the Russian purges. Equally apologetic is his discussion of the Hitler-Stalin Pact of 1939. Indeed, one footnote refers "to the alleged

handing over of German Communists by the NKVD to the Gestapo in 1939-40" (my italics): a fact well attested by the memoirs of several survivors (not just one as claimed here).

While all this sounds merely naive and over-credulous, Merson also claims at the end that "the Western Powers divided Germany" and thus "forced the authorities of the Soviet zone... to take steps which led to an accelerated movement towards socialism". In his opinion, the enforced unification of the Communist and Social Democratic parties in the Soviet zone was "achieved so quickly and successfully" because of the shared experiences of many members in the underground struggle. The strong pressure exercised by the Soviet military authorities is not mentioned.

It seems a great pity that a book which has such an important story to tell and which contains so much interesting material is marred by a strong bias and by the omission of unpleasant facts. The countless victims of the Nazi terror deserve better.

Pernicious pieties

Peter Hebblethwaite

ROBERT P. ERICKSEN
Theologians under Hitler
245pp. Yale University Press. £18.
0300029268

This book asks how three distinguished German theologians could not only support the Nazi Party but come to believe that Hitler embodied the renewal of the Christian spirit in the twentieth century. Robert P. Ericksen's trio of *Theologians under Hitler*, however, were not all saying exactly the same thing.

As the editor of an immense and invaluable *Wörterbuch der New Testament*, Gerhard Kittel is a household name in biblical studies. His father had been an authority on the Old Testament; the younger Kittel specialized in Judaism in the New Testament - a fateful choice. It equipped him to outline, in 1933, the possible solutions to "the Jewish problem": (1) extermination: out, as impractical; (2) Zionism: out, because of Arab hostility and Jewish disdain for hard manual work; (3) assimilation: out, because it corrupts the purity of the German *Volk* and leads to decadence. There remained the "solution" of treating Jews as "guest-workers", which meant of course that they would have to be excluded from the professions. This, Kittel agreed, would involve some hardship, since the earlier German tradition had misguidedly favoured "assimilation".

Kittel never shoved anyone into a gas oven. Yet his pernicious doctrines provided an excellent excuse for those who did. He claimed that his anti-Semitism was "scientific" in contrast to the crude, popular version found in *Der Stürmer*. His first book was dedicated to the rabbi who taught him Hebrew, and some orthodox Jews agreed with his apartheid proposal. Furthermore, away to his right raved the *Deutsche Christen*, who threw out the Old Testament and proclaimed that Jesus "must have been" an Aryan. Thus Kittel satisfied himself that he was a "moderate", occupying a rational, centrist position.

Paul Althaus specialized in Luther studies, was held to be "a perfect gentleman, friend and scholar", and "greeted the turning-point" of 1933 as a gift and "triumph from God". In 1937 he defended the merits of totalitarianism. In his eyes, chaos posed a greater danger than tyranny. Luther's distinction between the two kingdoms, the spiritual and the temporal, made him uncritical of the *Staat*.

Compared with such "moderates", Emanuel Hirsch appears as an extremist who is proud of it. Paul Tillich, a fellow student, advised him to read the Danish "existentialist", Søren Kierkegaard, as an antidote to the "rationalistic liberalism" paraded in Berlin by Adolf Harnack. Hirsch, a pious individual, was unfit for war service and, Ericksen speculates, "compensates for this by verbal violence. Hichte taught him to 'trust the people (Volk)' rather than intellectuals, who, more often than not, were Jewish. War, Hirsch persuaded himself, was the natural, inevitable testing of the *Volk*.

From these influences and experiences Hirsch concocted a heady brew of irrationality combined with folk-mysticism. He called upon Christians to recognize what was "new" in Hitler and to seize the unique and unparalleled *kairos*. He declared: "The new will itself not artificially made by us; it is a *holy* new that has come over and grasped us... Of course, only a German can understand this internally."

Ericksen refuses to moralize. He says that "on purely intellectual grounds, Hirsch's political stance cannot be rejected". It is not so much that he is posthumously defending these theologians as challenging us to say whether we would have found them out at the time. By setting them in their historical context he seems to be saying, "Tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner". But the question remains how could these pious Christians so misguidedly Hitler and his movement and ignore *Mein Kampf* and Alfred Rosenberg? Ericksen's answer is sociological:

Christianity had become confused with such a package of cultural factors that it was no longer distinguishable on its own. Christianity was German culture. Christianity was middle-class morality. Christianity was respect for authority. Christianity was law and order. Christianity represented an established class in its opposition to turmoil from below. It was on this basis that so many Christians welcomed the Nazi movement for a religious reason...

What makes Ericksen's analysis so dreadful is that for many British and American Christians today, Christianity is identified with precisely such a package, even if no Nazi-style movement seriously beckons.

I think one can probe a little deeper. These three Lutheran theologians illustrate some features of German university theology of the period. First, each individual theologian in his university was responsible for working out his own "system"; there was no "magisterial" either of bishops or pope, with which he could cross-check. He could thus go crazy without anyone noticing. Second, a "national" theology must be on its guard against becoming a "nationalistic" theology. Kittel ought to have realized he was talking Christian *apostasy* when he said of a converted Jew that we should "treat him as a Christian brother but not as a German brother". And it's a further Christian nonsense not to realize that all Jews are "brothers of Jesus". Finally, and most disturbingly, a theologian who is content to spin theories in his comfortable study without any practical and pastoral commitment is almost certain to go wrong.

Kittel, of Tübingen, was imprisoned by the French for fifteen months. Denied political rights and died miserably in 1948. Althaus, of Erlangen, survived denazification processes and lectured on until his death in 1966. Hirsch, of Göttingen, was sacked but, since he was blind, was treated leniently and enjoyed his pension rights until his death in 1972. None of them said anything that could be construed as repentance. So this book is like the way over the entrance to Dachau: For the living, a reminder, for the living, a warning.

An odd couple

John Clive

VIVIAN GREEN (Editor)
Love in a Cool Climate: The letters of Mark Pattison and Meta Bradley 1879-1884
269pp. Oxford University Press. £12.95.
0198200803

The letters on which this remarkable book is based provide a moving and fascinating record of the romantic friendship which flourished just over a century ago between the elderly Mark Pattison, formidable Oxford scholar and academic reformer, and a young woman forty years his junior who, lonely, awkward and unattractive, craved intellectual guidance and human affection, and received both from the notoriously rebarbative Rector of Lincoln College. The two had met briefly in 1878, but the crucial meeting took place in the autumn of the following year, when, having encountered Meta Bradley at an Oxford party - her uncle was Master of University College, and one of his daughters, Meta's cousin, was married to a Fellow and future President of Trinity - Pattison asked her to tea in his Lodgings at Lincoln. That was the real beginning of what turned out to be a close relationship between two difficult people, one in his mid-sixties, the other in her mid-twenties, each thirsting for sympathy and love. (One is initially put off by Vivian Green's use of "Mark" and "Meta" in referring to the two principal characters in his story. The conjunction of names inevitably conjures up prospects of television romance. But, after considering possible alternatives that might have been used, such as "The Rector" and "Miss Bradley" - shades of Brighton Pier - or the repeated use of both Christian and last names, one tends to respect Dr Green's decision and, with some trepidation, to emulate it.)

That they were difficult people was doubtless due, in part, to their family backgrounds which, in both cases, could have been included in a medical textbook on Victorian neuroses induced by Evangelical clergymen. Meta's father, Charles Bradley, living in retirement in London with his second wife, had previously owned and taught at the school near Southgate which figures in Augustus Hare's *Story of my Life*. Hare recalls that among the punishments Bradley tried to impose on him for committing trivial grammatical faults - he was then almost thirteen years old - was "wearing his coat inside out running with a tin kettle tied to his coat-tail through the village". Meta adored her mother, long-suffering and kind-hearted, who died when she herself was thirteen. (By an odd error, Green lists her in his dramatic personae as the daughter of her father's second wife.) She never got over that loss; in particular since to her father, so Green writes, "she seemed an ugly duckling whose wayward opinions had to be countered". Understandably, she came to loathe her father. But, as an unmarried daughter financially dependent on him, she had no choice but to live at home in Paddington. Lacking the independence her father repeatedly refused to grant her, she increasingly occupied herself with good works. Her views were indeed unconventional for her household: she once declared that, were she a politician, she would propose to pull down and rebuild workmen's houses, alter the marriage laws and open public places on Sunday.

That streak of unconventionality was no doubt part of her attraction for Mark who, having early in life fallen for some years under the spell of Cardinal Newman and Tractarianism, even to the point of considering going over to Rome; had subsequently taken distinctly liberal views on religious matters - he had been a contributor to *Essays and Reviews* - and had theories in his comfortable study without any practical and pastoral commitment is almost certain to go wrong.

Kittel, of Tübingen, was imprisoned by the French for fifteen months. Denied political rights and died miserably in 1948. Althaus, of Erlangen, survived denazification processes and lectured on until his death in 1966. Hirsch, of Göttingen, was sacked but, since he was blind, was treated leniently and enjoyed his pension rights until his death in 1972. None of them said anything that could be construed as repentance. So this book is like the way over the entrance to Dachau: For the living, a reminder, for the living, a warning.

son's liberal as by his Romanizing views. The grim goings-on at Hauxwell cast a shadow over Mark's life; though, unlike his sisters, he did not have to endure the perpetual presence of a demented father. He pursued his own course at Oxford, first as an undergraduate at Oriel, then as Fellow and, from 1861, Rector of Lincoln College, a position that required him to remain in Orders, but allowed him to marry.

Thus in 1861, at the age of forty-eight, he married Francis Strong, an exceptionally beautiful and highly intelligent woman twenty-seven years younger than he was. She had romanticized her future husband's personality as well as the attractions of Oxford academic society. After some years she became disillusioned with both; and, beginning in 1875, spent increasingly long periods in France, first on the Riviera, then in Provence. There she devoted herself to the study of art history, a field in which she eventually became an international authority, and began the friendship with the radical Liberal politician Charles Dilke that would, a decade later, lead to their marriage. Mark was outraged by his wife's frequent and prolonged absences; and, even more, by a letter she wrote him from Nice in 1876 in which she informed him that sexual relations could no longer take place between them: "It is a physical aversion which always existed, though I strove hard to overcome it, and which is now wholly beyond control."

It is therefore not wholly surprising that when Mark, who, in any event, liked the company of young women - Walter Pater once observed that his favourite pastime was "romping with great girls among the gooseberry bushes" - encountered immediate trust and adoration in the person of Meta, he responded with enthusiasm. For three years they met, either for walks and meals in London, or in Oxford, where Meta would come to stay at the Rector's Lodgings. When they were apart, which was most of the time, they wrote frequently to one another. It is their correspondence, 450 letters in all, ingeniously excerpted, summarized and glossed by Green, that forms the substance of *Love in a Cool Climate* - which can truly be said to rival many a novel in depicting a relationship which, with all its bizarre aspects, brought genuine happiness to two lonely and emotionally starved people. After meeting her (in 1880) at Grasmere, where Meta was staying with her sister Jessie, Mark wrote to her that "There is now no one from whom I get the special form of attachment which you have found it in your heart to bestow upon me." Meta's reply was that "I felt so happy merely in being with you that I didn't care very much about anything else. I don't think I've ever been so happy since I was a child." Before long the letters became more passionate in tone, with Meta writing to Mark - he was absent from the Lodgings for a night while she was staying there - "I don't suppose you will ever understand the sort of feeling which I have for you, a unique mixture of what people feel for their God, their husband, and their child." A few weeks later, Mark addresses her as follows: "Dear love, I must have you back again! Seeing does not satisfy me. I must have my arms tightly around that waist, with infinite possibilities of kissing."

There is no way of knowing whether actual intimacy ever took place. Green, for cogent reasons, doubts whether it did. But whether it did or not, there can be no possible doubt about the passionate affection that bound the two together. There were intellectual as well as emotional bonds. Meta wanted Mark to "improve" her. They read aloud to one another: Dante, Ruskin, Ouida - and, needless to say, *The Prelude* and *Essays and Reviews*. Beyond that they were linked by their inability to believe in orthodox Christianity - in his case the product of his troubled journey from Newman to *Essays and Reviews*; in hers the result of feeling and thinking for herself at a time conducive to such intellectual independence on the part of those temperamentally inclined to exercise it. Meta linked her inability to believe in a personal God with the intensity of her love for Mark: "It is so awfully hard to feel absolutely alone in the world, to have no God to breathe a prayer to," she tells him in 1881. "If I could only know that there was some Power whom I could love, say as much as I do you."

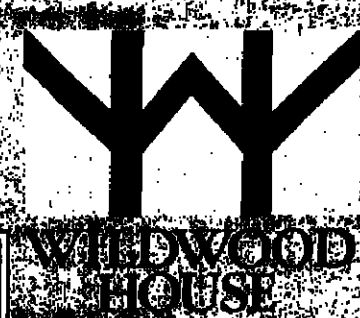
It is one thing to read in books about the late

Victorian decades that they were a period of fading beliefs, of groping for new certainties; and quite another to find confirmation in this intimate correspondence between an old and famous scholar, biographer of one Casaubon and probable model for another, and a young, self-educated woman looking to him for comfort and sympathy. The ethical problems raised by the incarnation, troublesome for not a few sensitive spirits since the start of the century, worried both of them. Meta, granting "the Christian account of Christ", could not see what was so wonderfully self-sacrificing about His spending thirty-three years "down here, very trying years no doubt, but then I look at the result, which he knew all the time. Why, it seems to me that if one could even cure one human being's anguish one would sacrifice oneself gladly to help them, and as Christ was supposed to see into everybody's heart I don't see how he could have done a lot less than he did." The thought is hardly new, the tone almost jarringly informal; but the feeling genuine and powerful. Mark agreed with her. "Yes, that is a very staggering thought, the infinitesimally small effect produced by the intervention of the Almighty 1,800 years ago."

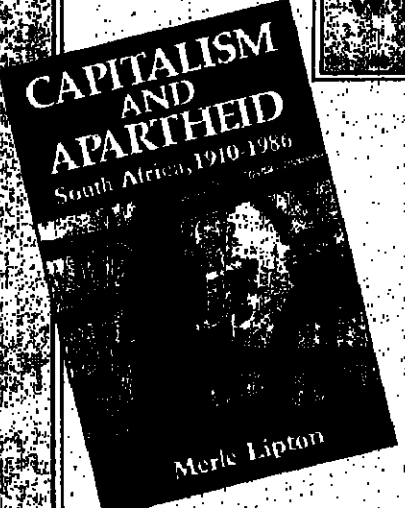
A good deal of middle-class opinion, in Oxford and elsewhere, remained censorious about the sort of relationship that seemed to be developing between the married Head of an Oxford college and a young woman less than half his age. Tongues wagged; letters were purloined - Francis Pattison saw some of them; and, at the end of 1882 Meta's father forbade his wayward daughter either to meet or to write to her friend. Mark himself increasingly feared a major scandal, and became more cautious. In the event, Charles Bradley died soon after issuing his edict. So, in 1883, Mark and Meta resumed their correspondence, though they now met less frequently than before. And Mark (who in a rare moment of self-knowledge referred to "a certain chilliness of manner" in his own nature) sometimes felt impelled to adopt a tone of irritated frankness in his letters.

About her voluntary social work he remarked: "I should have thought all this sanitary occupation could have been sufficient to have diverted your thoughts in a healthier channel." And, shortly thereafter, about her appearance: "I was so sadly grieved to see you look so thin, wan, and haggard on Thursday." There were reasons for this. Her father had practically disinherited her, and she was mourning the recent death of her friend Grace Toynbee's brother Arnold. So she replied, a little sharply: "You must know that I would do anything on earth to please you, but I can't make my face look young and fat! I may have been 'bright and vivacious' when you first knew me, but I never was 'hearty'." Mark, for his part, did not become more tactful. Only a few weeks later, responding to Meta's report that someone had suggested she might try her hand at teaching: "I don't think you would like teaching, and have great doubts if you could teach with effect."


Meta's devotion could weather such wounding words. It could even weather Mrs Pattison's visits to Oxford, in the course of which meetings with Mark were necessarily rare. But ill-health was another matter. In the autumn of 1881 Mark had written of his awareness of death, "galloping towards me all the while"; and the following January, complaining of a feverish cold, he added: "This in addition to gout, rheumatism, no teeth and inactive liver is life worth preserving?" But really serious illness did not strike until the end of 1883. Expecting imminent death, he told Meta that he did not wish to see her: "I have told you over and over again what I think of those dying interviews and leave takings. They are odious ceremonial." He did receive a visit from the octogenarian Cardinal Newman, who nobly insisted on coming from Birmingham to call on his mortally ill one-time disciple. The Rector suspected that Newman was possibly cherishing "the hope, however slight, that I might still be got over in my last moments". The Cardinal made no such attempt, perhaps be-



WILWOOD HOUSE



CAPITALISM AND APARTHEID
South Africa, 1910-1986
Merle Lipton



INSIDE THE PROMISED LAND
A personal view of today's Israel
Gerald Kaufman, M.P.

This highly acclaimed book provides a detailed and comprehensive analysis of the relationship between the South African economy and apartheid from 1910 to the present day.

"This is the most sensible account of the South African political economy for years."
The Economist

Paperback 464 pages £8.95
07045 05177

Gerald Kaufman, M.P., presents his personal view of the Israel of the 1980s in this readable and controversial book. He believes the state of Israel has undergone fundamental changes since the Begin coalition came to power and he outlines how these changes have affected the country's religious, social and political life.

Hardback 160 pages £12.95
07045 30740
Paperback £5.95 07045 05363

Continuum Publishing
27 Bedford Square, London WC1R 3EU, England

cause during their talk of old times he saw that "he had not realised the enormous distance at which he had left behind the standpoint of 1845". What a scene! The letters to Meta describing it should be read with his reminiscences of the Oxford Movement in his *Memoirs* – whose existence, by the way, we owe to her.

If the Newman visit brought back the very distant past in dramatic form, there was a different kind of drama in Francis Pattison's return to England, to nurse her husband in his final illness. The closing pages of Green's book abound with memorable vignettes: Mark's last encounter with Meta in London, where he and Francis had taken a house during a temporary improvement in his health. Mrs Pattison insisted on accompanying her husband to Paddington, only to spy "her" copy of Carlyle's *Dante* on the drawing-room table. The Rector's progress in a Bath chair round the Oxford

Parks, as described by Stephen Gwynn, "drawn . . . by a shambling menial, lying more like a corpse than any living thing I have ever seen. And yet there was a singular vitality behind that parchment covered face, something powerful and repellent. Beside him walked his wife, small, erect, and ultra Parisian, all in black with a black parasol." And then the end, in Mark's beloved Yorkshire, at Harrogate, where Francis nursed her dying husband with untiring devotion. She even offered to ask Meta to pay a visit. But he refused, saying, "you are all-sufficing. You do not know how good you are to me. You are my comfort and consolation, the only one I want."

He died in excruciating pain, of cancer of the stomach. On the day before his death, so Francis Pattison reported,

the morphine passed off and then till the doctor came nurse and I stood for 4 hours witnessing the terrible fits of terror with shrieks which went through the

house and trying to ease and calm. Let not my last days be like his! The moral misery is awful.

That evening, his last, two sides of his complex personality showed themselves. After his wife read him Gray's "Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College", with its grim lines about "the painful family of Death", he commented on the poem "with all his old aptness, pregnancy and refinement". After which he dictated a cruel farewell letter to his sister Eleanor.

So ends a moving story, told in masterly fashion by Green who, as the present Rector of Lincoln College, and its historian, is of all possible authors the most qualified to tell it. "Our letters", so Meta once wrote to Mark, "would be invaluable in 1983 as showing the life of this age." Indeed, there is much to be garnered from these pages by those in search of light on Victorian Oxford, the intellectual currents of the time, and the habits and constraints

of certain segments of English middle-class society in the early 1880s. But, in the end, what chiefly remains in the reader's memory is the human drama, the story of an incongruous friendship between a young woman radiating gush, goodwill and common sense in just about equal proportions, and a selfish, sardonic, cantankerous scholar not immune to the warmth of human affection. It was a friendship that brought some measure of love and happiness to both. As Dr Green aptly puts it: "Normally the passion of love seems romantic when it concerns only the handsome and beautiful of both sexes, young in mind, body and spirit. But love's frontiers are never closed nor exclusive, in terms of either gender or appearance, or age or looks. Meta and Mark came lastingly within its territory." This is one more valuable stone to be added to that ever more strangely glowing mosaic called the Victorian age.



Hester Thrale Piozzi, a portrait by George Dance, 1793, in the National Portrait Gallery, London.

thesis" with Johnson, the word conveys the suggestion that he shared the same capacity for intellectual idiosyncrasy that he discerned in others. Her edition of *Letters to and from Samuel Johnson*, however, cannot be rescued from the accusation of manipulation. Fanny Burney considered them an "injury" to Johnson's memory, and Hannah More agreed they "ought never to have been printed". Most disturbing is the fact that the letters which Hester Thrale published as written to Johnson were in fact composed after his death. Even McCarthy is forced to admit that "these letters never sent to Johnson are . . . among her least attractive writings".

This study reveals the chameleon-like eclecticism of her poetic styles, ranging from imitations of Pope to anticipations of Shelley, but

falls short of suggesting any real imaginative originality. "Piozzi had it in her to be a greater poet than she was", he asserts, arguing that her self-doubts as a woman writer inhibited her from achieving her full potential. "She is a strong writer greatly malformed by her culture's sexual selections." Here and there McCarthy seeks to corroborate his thesis by importing a theoretical vocabulary which he uneasily beside the more traditional style of the rest of the book. Thus we find asides as "ephebes", "fore-mothers" and the pen as penis, which result in such implausible generalizations as the assertion that Anne Barbauld is remembered now "if at all, chiefly for the quaintness of her married name".

In later years Hester Thrale's attitudes wavered between enthusiasm for new experiences and a residual conservatism in the Johnsonian mould. The poems of Ossian made her "half frantic with admiration", and the French Revolution filled her with horror and rage. "No, No, No, No. And will not the Lord be avenged of such a Nation as that?" she demanded. And, in the view of Mary Wallstoncraft, she appeared as one of the women who perpetuated the submissive status of the female sex.

All such contradictions are explained by McCarthy as the instinctive defences of a woman whose literary endeavours were constantly belittled and patronized by male critics. *Retrospection*, her monumental history of Europe, was dismissed by *The Critical Review* as "a series of dreams by an old lady", while Horace Walpole considered her *Anecdotes* a heap of rubbish in a very vulgar style. Confronted by such criticisms as these, McCarthy's combative style is understandable. She, he longs, he writes, to "the Hercule Age of the female literary subculture". This book is not a static studio portrait, but a heroic sketch from the battle-front.

Victims of the mummy's curse

Adam Mars-Jones

WILLIAM BURROUGHS
Queer
134pp. Picador. £8.95.
0330294067

Queer is an unfinished novel dating from the 1950s, though its cover and blurb conspire to keep the punter in the dark about its fragmentary status. The narrative tails off in a series of ineffectual closures; but there is an impressive finish to each paragraph which makes up for the lack of a satisfactory overall shape.

The novel is accompanied by an introduction which, like any other product of hindsight, both illuminates and undermines it. Burroughs here provides a sharp portrait of Mexico City (where much of the narrative takes place), supplying background material which in a novel composed at a more leisurely pace would be worked in bit by bit so as to emerge "naturally".

But he also sets up the hero of the narrative, William Lee, as a case history, a heroin addict experiencing withdrawal and the accompanying terrible efflorescence of sexuality. The effect of this is to diminish the text, since it is not Lee's predicament which is so remarkable, but the accommodation he makes to it.

Lee wants human rather than merely sexual contact. In Chapter Two we are told that he spends the night with a Mexican boy he picks up in a bar, but this information is conveyed without detail or emphasis. His emotional appetites focus, after a few false starts, on a young man called Eugene Allerton, who is curious, complaisant, and sometimes even responsive.

Allerton is no angel, but his relationship with Lee has a muffled intermittent tenderness which suggests that the effort on Lee's part is not altogether wasted. Lee's impulses towards Allerton are described, with considerable poignancy, as if they were the pettings of an asexual body:

Lee watched the thin hands, the beautiful violet eyes, the flush of excitement on the boy's face. An imaginary hand projected with such force it seemed Allerton must feel the touch of ectoplasmic fingers caressing his ear, phantom thumbs smoothing his eyebrows, pushing the hair back from his face.

Lee registers every nuance of manipulativeness and rejection; but though his sensitivity is heightened, his priorities are shown to be authentic. A minor character, for instance, is described as showing "the ravages of the death process, the inroads of decay in flesh cut off from the living charge of contact".

In spite of its lurid title and its comic interludes, *Queer* has a tone of stoical vulnerability. Burroughs's later writings at their least persuasive display instead a cold frenzy. The relationship between the two modes is mysterious, but the introduction to *Queer* provides some indications.

The manuscript tails off after Lee and Allerton have made a trip to South America in search of the fabled drug Yage, which like some voodoo tincture can submit one person to

the will of another. Burroughs's introduction explains something not in the foreground of the manuscript: the expedition effects Lee's stabilization from addiction, since in the remote places he visits no drugs are available, except for alcohol.

There is already something odd about a sensibility which dramatizes the withdrawal from one drug as the search for another to enslave third parties. But Burroughs's introduction further editorializes the text of *Queer* by linking it with his shooting of his wife in 1951. This event, he says, "motivated and formulated" his writing, but if so its influence was to push him towards strategies of evasion and away from the sombre acceptance characteristic of *Queer*.

The great merit of the later Burroughs is that his ideas, when they aren't lucid and instantly convincing, are preposterous and instantly dismissable; very little falls between these categories. So Burroughs attributes his wife's death to the eruption of a hieroglyphic virus which invaded him from the Egyptology department of the University of Chicago in 1939; he goes to some lengths to establish that this is not a metaphorical statement (possessing entities like nothing better than posing as metaphors).

One of the most striking sentences of the *Queer* manuscript records that "The court of

fact had rejected Lee's petition", but it is only in fiction, apparently, that there can be no appeal. Burroughs backs up his version of events by citing cut-ups and comments – which he treats as oracular – from his friend Brion Gysin.

Cut-up is a legitimate device if its object is the avoidance of cliché, but like surrealism it has managed to generate its own style of cliché, its compulsory disruptions. To treat cut-ups, and a friend's casual comments, as sources of revealed truth is to add a silly mysticism to the silly demology of the possession theory.

It's unappealing enough that a man should blame his wife's death in effect on the mummy's curse, worse that he should pose as the real casualty. Burroughs's subsequent life, apparently, has been one long struggle to escape from Control; many readers of *Queer* will feel that control (with the lower case, denoting merely human agency) is exactly what he achieved here, and, by abandoning the manuscript, rejected. In his later work, Burroughs stipulates an "algebra of need", in which one addiction substitutes for another. In *Queer*, needs have yet to be systematized, and Lee's feeling for Allerton substitutes for his heroin habit only as dry, with all its bleakness, substitutes for night.

The paranoid essence

Sean French

PATRICIA HIGHSMITH
Found in the Street
277pp. Heinemann. £9.95.
043433524X

"I don't know what's worse", laments a character in Patricia Highsmith's new novel, "a solitary creep or a married creep." And indeed *Found in the Street* abounds with characters who are creeps, or might be creeps. The novel may mark another step in Highsmith's progress away from the thriller genre, but the author's singular facility for making pleasant things unpleasant has happily remained intact.

The leading characters here are a successful, happily married book illustrator and a lonely, decent old man. The two first meet when the old man, Ralph Linderman, finds Jack Sutherland's wallet in the street and returns it to him, refusing any reward. The two men are drawn together more closely by the benevolent interest they have separately taken in Elsie Tyler, a young, attractive girl working in a Greenwich Village coffee bar.

Linderman trudges the New York streets with God, his dog, following Elsie with the vague idea of protecting her from the temptations of big-city life. Jack introduces her into his genteelly bohemian social circle where she swiftly proves an immense success. She leaves the introduction to *Queer* provides some indications.

The manuscript tails off after Lee and Allerton have made a trip to South America in search of the fabled drug Yage, which like some voodoo tincture can submit one person to

become increasingly obsessive and even sinister. He starts to harass Jack by letter, phone and personally in the street.

Highsmith's account of this process – all the more chilling for its restraint – is highly effective. It bears a startling resemblance to Saul Bellow's brilliant early novel, *The Victim*; and in case the reader has forgotten just how fine that book was, Jack provides a handy reminder, commending it to Elsie as part of her course of self-improvement: "that's the essence of Saul Bellow with its paranoia, you know? A masterpiece. Don't you think?" Highsmith is, one must assume, deliberately echoing *The Victim* in style as well as subject-matter. But where the persecution of Bellow's hero remains mysterious, the paranoia in Highsmith's novel is justified and the plot has a violent climax.

What is alarming about the characters in *Found in the Street* is not their bad motives but their good ones. Jack's care for his family and his selfless love for Elsie are based on impulses that he barely understands or controls; Ralph's scrupulous honesty becomes an obsessive and vindictive puritanism. Neither character behaves cruelly or dishonestly in the novel but by the time they come to suspect each other of committing the brutal climactic murder, Highsmith has convinced us that either of these decent men could be responsible.

Highsmith skilfully evokes the frantic minds of Jack and Ralph, the enticing, attractive bodies of Elsie and Jack's wife, Natalia, and the streets of New York. The book has its limitations, particularly in its treatment of all but the central four characters; it is a fine achievement all the same.

Everything not quite A-OK

Galen Strawson

JAY MCNERNEY
Ransom
280pp. Cape. £9.50.
0224023551

Jay McInerney's first novel, *Bright Lights, Big City* (1985), was about a young man in New York City. It was an impressive start: clever, fast and emotionally plausible, an intense, witty concatenation of drug-propelled incident rapped out in short sentences and the second-person singular ("Your eyelids feel as if they were being held open by taser needles. You push on blindly. Your new watch dies at three-fifteen.") It had an underlying theme – the strange surface effects of an unconscious refusal to submit to the process of mourning for a dead parent – but it was essentially plotless, picaresque, a weakly coupled series of single scenes, stylish add-ons and touching peripherals.

Ransom is, among other things, a bid for a strong plot. Like so many of the best phrase-makers, McInerney is not a natural storyteller. He is an accumulator of moments, small-scale set pieces, and he has to work hard to provide a narrative vehicle for them.

He has worked hard. He has tried to write a "proper" novel. And, in a rather stiff and formal way, he has succeeded. Unlike *Bright Lights, Big City*, which just came to a stop, *Ransom* comes to an end. But his working shows – one can feel the effort, one notices the labour of construction.

Ransom is a person, a young American living in Kyoto in 1977. He earns his living by teaching English for the Honda A-OK Advertising Agency and English Language Conversation School in Osaka. Like the protagonist of *Bright Lights, Big City*, he is trying to deal with his past – the difference is that he knows it. He has two main problems. He is obsessed by the moral turpitude – so he sees it – of his father, a failed playwright and successful television director and producer. And he has submitted to the excruciating discipline of karate training in an attempt to break out of a "fevered daze" of pain and guilt whose principal cause is revealed in a series of sparse flashbacks to Landi Kotai, a town in the Northwest Frontier Province of Pakistan, in 1975. Things went terribly wrong. He failed to pay a ransom. Love and loyalty left him with a death (or two) on his hands.

One feels that McInerney is as unlikely to make an error of fact, or indeed of tone, in his description of Japanese life as he is to relapse into gross cliché. His writing is clean and accurate, his lengthy descriptions of the karate *dojo* (training group) are accomplished. At first the anxious, emotionally fastidious *Ransom* seems like a character in search of reality. In time it comes to seem that this is not a failure of description, but part of the description. There is an odd, anechoic emptiness about *Ransom*'s inner life. But this is a property possessed by real people. *Ransom* is puzzled by his sense of honour, desperate for a quest, unable to complete the necessary work of mourning.

McInerney is good on the strangeness of being a Westerner in Japan, coldly amusing and acute about the Western cranks who have washed up there. The fragments of "undigested English" that appear on advertising billboards, shop fronts and shopping bags – "Let's Happy", "Your Beautiful Day", "Persistent Pursuit of Daintiness" – effectively deepen the sense of strangeness.

Many of these details feel rather dutiful, however. They are individually well done, but their inclusion is not sufficiently warranted by the demands of the plot. The book is not an organic growth; it is something less than life-like. And yet this is, in a way, an advantage. For it is precisely on account of its linguistic stiffness, its presentational formality, its partitioned character as narrative, that this carefully stilted novel accumulates authority as a characterization of a very strained young man pursuing abnegation in Japan. Towards the end the story tightens and picks up speed, *Ransom*'s father turns up, reducing honour to farce; and then the whirligig of time does what it always does.

performance" of the fashionable salon at Streatham.

Long accustomed to condescension, she became defensive about her own talents. In a rating system which she devised in *Thrallana* she gave the Bluestocking leader Elizabeth Montagu a score of 101, while estimating her own score at 76. Above all, both as a woman and a writer, she felt a compulsion to free herself from the overpowering influence of Johnson. Her mind, she wrote, was "swallowed up and lost" in his. Her famous letter of rebuke to him, after his attack on her "ignominious" marriage to Piozzi, has the same significance in her life as Johnson's letter to Lord Chesterfield has in his. As a declaration of independence it is both spirited and dignified, claiming the right of a woman "of superior understanding" to exercise her own free choice. Yet it was only after Johnson's death that she felt liberated to write. "While Johnson lived whatever I wrote would have been attributed to him & I could not turn author." Even then, as McCarthy shows, a certain subconscious desire to compete with her mentor seems to have influenced her choice of subjects, and her ventures into lexicography, history and politics indicate a lingering strain of both personal and authorial rivalry. McCarthy rejects the sado-masochistic, "manacles and whips" image of their relationship; instead he offers a largely convincing portrait of a curious interdependence in which she served him as a surrogate mother, while he became a father-figure to her. And, despite McCarthy's endeavours to recommend the full range of Mrs Thrale's writings, it is upon her *Anecdotes of Johnson* that her literary reputation still largely depends. They offer, as she said, a "candle-light picture" of Johnson, flashes of insight alternating with shadows of doubt and melodrama. When, for example, she observes that the "vacuity of life" became a "favourite hypo-

Even-tempered addenda

Humphrey Carpenter

RUPERT HART-DAVIS (Editor)
More Letters of Oscar Wilde
215pp. John Murray. £12.50.
0719541743

Sir Rupert Hart-Davis, who edited *The Letters of Oscar Wilde* twenty-four years ago, explains disarmingly in his introduction to this new volume that it is simply a collection of items which have turned up since then. More (he adds) will undoubtedly surface, but "it seems sensible to print this lot while I am still here to do it". Quite so, and he has done a deft and often entertaining job of editing. But most of the letters in the new book actually deserve the prominence of a separate volume, and would have been better absorbed into a new edition of the *Letters*, or at least the *Selected Letters* (an Oxford paperback, still in print).

More *Letters* is not without its gems. We have Wilde conducting the opening moves of an affair with a Cambridge undergraduate: "My dear Harry, . . . I wonder are you all as

cold in Cambridge as we are. I love the languor of hot noons . . . Send me a photograph of yourself . . . What is Harry doing? Is he reading Shelley in a land of moonbeams and mystery?" And on the American tour: "I am among canyons and coyotes: one is a sort of fox and the other a deep ravine. I don't know which is which." But delights like this tend to emphasize the comparative barrenness of the greater part of the book. The *Wilde of More Letters* is chiefly a goal-headed man of business, a professional author rather than a performing aesthete, and while this no doubt contributes a few bricks to the edifice of our knowledge of the man, it seems a rather unspectacular addition.

What impresses most in the book is his courtesy and evenness of temper, even when he had been abominably treated by others. This comes out particularly in the letters written in exile after his release from prison. On one occasion he tells his publisher, Leonard Smithers, who had failed to send some promised and desperately needed money: "I have had no money. I hope you had a good one." But such reproaches rarely creep in. Even

when Frank Harris lets him down disgracefully, stealing the plot of a play and failing to hand over an agreed sum despite the fact that Wilde had already given him a receipt for it, Wilde's letter to Harris is in a tone rather of sorrow than anger, and is virtually confined to a brief statement of the facts.

One letter from the years of exile suggests repentance of a sort: "I feel that while there is much that I have lost; still there was much that was not worth keeping. I am more of a realist, a realist in morals than before, but I am sure that my life was one quite unworthy of its end. In its deliberate and studied materialism, the sober tone really dominates the book. No doubt, however, it is a balanced picture of Wilde, and while Hart-Davis says he has omitted "vital notes" and printed only "interesting ones", the quantity of short business letters in this part of the book suggests that this criterion has not always been rigidly applied.

Beatrice Potter's Journal (317pp. Warner, £10.95, 0723233349) is an abridgement, introduced by Glen Cavallaro, of *The Journal of Beatrice Potter* (reviewed in the TLS, July 21, 1985).

Real family life

Carol Rumens

URSULA HOLDEN
The Toys
132pp. Methuen. £8.95.
0413604590

Ula is in the Jane Byre mould of outsider-children: unloved, plain (at six years old she has patches of grey in her hair and "dingy teeth"), precociously intelligent and destined to triumph over her appalling circumstances. All the events in Ursula Holden's new novel are transmitted through her consciousness, and though, as we learn on the final page, these events are being remembered by a more mature character, there are few adult perspectives; immediacy is all.

The candour and sharpness of the child's responses give life to the novel, even in its most conventional gothic aspects. We first meet Ula at a dancing class; the teacher urges her little pupils to "dance their feelings", but Ula

already knows that feelings are best kept hidden ("I stamped and jumped and grinned"). Envy is her predominant emotion – envy of a beautiful new pupil, Lucy; of her little brother, Bruno, and of her two elder sisters ensconced in the forbidden private world of the schoolroom. Nurse loves no one but Bruno: Mama is away, pursuing an ailing career. Ula's only comfort comes from a tin giraffe and the attentions of the warm-hearted, feckless Irish cook, Maggie.

Bruno's death results in a nervous breakdown for Nurse (observed with a sense of grim comedy) and Maggie and Ula are packed off for a "holiday" in Ireland. Neither Ireland nor Maggie turns out to be up to Ula's glowing expectations. Maggie's home is poor and squalid, ruled over by a waspish Ma who criticizes Ula perversely, and escapes her own miseries by additively listening to the radio. The descriptions of the "wretchedly poor" little house, the nagging of mother and daughter, the moments of warmth that Ula hungrily man-ages to squeeze out ("what I liked best about

here was being together, eating cramped up from the draining-board near the sink . . . This was real family life") make this the most thoroughly convincing part of the book; no mock-gothic here, but real pain.

Ula's tenacious hopes for Christmas cheer are finally smashed when Maggie's brutal brother, Joe, appears; she dashes out into the away, pursuing an ailing career. Ula's only comfort comes from a tin giraffe and the attentions of the warm-hearted, feckless Irish cook, Maggie.

This is a story driven by the most intense of childhood emotions – the desire to belong. Ula's scarcely single-minded search is finally rewarded, though not before further disappointments and betrayals, and a "tragic accident" which, usually, allows Ula to take Lucy's place. There is a certain forced staidness about these later events, but the emotional truth embodied in Ula's reactions always remains beyond question; her centre, at least, holds, and guarantees the novel's integrity.

Cat and mouse in Wildwood

Paul Duguid

WILLIAM WHARTON
Pride
288pp. Cape. £9.95.
0224 023632

Admirers of William Wharton's earlier novels (which include *Birdy* and *Dad*) will be glad to see in *Pride* the author's microscopic gaze once again focused, as if in scientific study, on a small, almost closed circle of characters. The Kettlestons, Dick Sr, Laura, Laurel, and Dickie Jr, are as tightly knit as their names suggest. They come, Dickie tells us in his first-person narrative, from Stonehurst Hills, Pennsylvania, where they have survived, through pride and hard work, the Depression and the loss of Dick's job with J.I. But when J.I. takes back laid-off workers, Dick joins the new union, and as a result "company goons" drive the family, at least temporarily, to Wildwood, New Jersey. All cares are forgotten in an idyllic week on the Jersey shore until Dickie, attempting to show his cat Cannibal to a caged lion on the pier, unintentionally allows the lion to escape. Tuffy, the lion, who is used in a wall-of-death motorcycle act, kills Jimmy, one of the motorcycleists, and finally has to be shot.

This is not, in the abstract, a compelling story: none of Wharton's stories is, when stripped of its author's hypnotic style of narration. Nor, more surprisingly, is it the only story. For unlike the previous books, *Pride* has a second and distinct narrative: that of Dickie and Cannibal is accompanied by the story of Tuffy and its owner, Cap.

Sture "Cap" Modig grows up on a farm in Wisconsin, is badly wounded in the First World War, and finds a job in Detroit that leads him into motor-racing – until he crashes as a result

of worrying about the lion cub he has bought. A second career in carnival ends with his driving motorcycles, and Tuffy, around the Wildwood wall of death. It is he who, with the help of Sammy, the human fish, recaptures Tuffy, and it is he who must shoot him.

Although a parallel tale is a departure from the usual tightness of Wharton's stories it might, perhaps, have been expected. In *Dad* and *Birdy* he was much concerned with contrasting pairs (father-son, man-beast, man-machine, individual responsibility-uncontrollable events); he now heightens the device by yoking together two similar stories. But though Wharton has the ability to provide detailed observations of a small group, it is not ample enough to accommodate a second group. There are two distinct narrative techniques – the Kettleston story in the first person, Cap's story in the third. When the two tales are drawn together the touch is particularly unsure, and when they finally merge the sense of contrivance is strong.

The earlier books were seamless; here we see not only obtrusive seams but flaws in the weave. Apart from the two narrative voices, the author himself intrudes directly and clumsily, first in the preface ("On October 6, 1938 in Wildwood New Jersey, a lion, part of a 'Wall of Death' motorcycle act, escaped from his cage on the board walk and killed a man. . . . This novel, despite the factual reality of the original tragedy, is work of fiction") and then in a ten-page chapter on the Life of the Lion ("Because Tuffy is a major character in our tale, perhaps it would be best if we consider briefly the life he might have lived if he had not been taken at such an early age from his home environment.")

Once the reader begins to feel the artificiality, the novel seems to descend rapidly into heavy-handed allegory of the sort *Birdy* re-

sisted so well. By the time Dickie and Cannibal and Cap and Tuffy are all in Wildwood, moral fables have sprouted everywhere. Cannibal, who is in fact responsible for releasing the lion from captivity, "really looks like a mouse" as the deed is done. Whereas Jimmy, who is eaten by Tuffy, tended to put spikes into rather than remove them from the lion. And Dick Sr, disappointingly unlike the eponymous *Dad* of Wharton's earlier novel, intones to a penitent Dickie:

You remember this. Nobody can let anybody else, not even a lion, out of his cage.

The important thing for all of us is never to look at the bars, look through them. Because if you keep looking at bars, you'll never get anything done, and

you'll never have any fun in life, any joy. Do you understand?

By now the reader understands all too well. The firmness of the first half of the book – the trials of the Depression, the torture of Cap's gassing in the war – has been washed out in a flood of sentimentality. Dick Sr rides the waves, all father as he builds palatial sand-castles, all man as Hemingway-like he encounters a stingray on a fishing line, and near-appearance as he saves his children from the floor: "I've got to keep that merry-go-round going round. So long as it's moving I think the kids are safe." Most readers would more willingly face Wharton's lion than submit further to the superficial gaudy of the merry-go-round.

With the vets in Hopewell

Anne Boston

ROBBIE ANN MASON
In Country
247pp. Chatto and Windus. £9.95.
07011 30342

It was the summer of the Michael Jackson *Victory* tour and the Bruce Springsteen *Born in the USA* tour, neither of which Sam got to go to. At her graduation, the commencement speaker, a Methodist minister, had preached about keeping the country strong, stressing sacrifice. He made Sam nervous. She started thinking about war, and it stayed on her mind all summer.

Sam is Samantha, seventeen, sassy, and enough to make anyone who lived through the 1960s feel ancient. The war she is too young to remember is the Vietnam war, which killed her father before she was born, and left her uncle Emmett a permanent drop-out suffering from horrendous acne which might or might not be the result of exposure to Agent Orange. Left alone to feel responsible for Emmett since her mother remarried and moved away, Sam realizes that her life has been as inexorably shaped as the lives of her parents' generation by those events far away and long ago.

Dwayne came back from Vietnam in a sealed coffin, but she noses out nuggets of information about him from Emmett and his buddies, all veterans scarred physically or mentally by the experience. She falls in love with one of them, to discover that he is unmaned like Hemingway's Jake (symbolism a little heavy-handed here). Even while agonizing over him, she is perspicacious enough to see that his attraction was part of her fruitless attempt to get to know her father. The idealization is finally shattered by the rather unlikely event of her grandparents' innocently lending her Dwayne's deeply disturbing Vietnam diary to read. The brief, clumsy entries reveal a humourless boy, made callous and brutal by war, who hardly knew Sam's mother.

Emmett, Dwayne, Earl, Dawn: the names

twang like Country and Western guitar chords through this affecting, unpatronizing evocation of small-town Hopewell, where most of the folk take their style from the God-fearing or the sexy, and sophistication is a visit to the shopping mall in nearby Lexington. A few years ago England imported the label "arty realism" along with Raymond Carver's pared-down stories; this year Robbie Ann Mason's brand of rural nostalgia brings us "hick chic". Her preoccupation with authenticity does the pages with the titles of television programmes, brand names of drinks and above all references to records. Major events past and present are dated by their rock-and-roll associations: Chuck Berry, the Beatles, Little Richard (the best legacy of that much overrated era) and the bridge between Sam and her parents' generation. As one of the vets says wistfully in her at the commemoration dance, "When you're in country, there's so little connection to the World, but those songs – that's as close as we came to a real connection."

Mason's deadpan, unornamented prose and faultless dialogue are well tuned to pick out the limitations of the place and people Sam is clinging to, even as she knows she is growing out of them: the "mating run" between McDonalds and the Burger King, where the boys cruise after the girls; Sam's best friend Dawn, pregnant and tied for good to Hopewell; her grandparents' binding on the tobacco crop; even the amiably weird Emmett, who can only "work on staying together, one day at a time".

The author is herself of the "Vietnam generation": in her effort to exorcise those troubled years she perhaps over-emphasizes them in Sam's obsession. But the finale of Emmett and Sam's visit to the Washington war memorial with Sam's grandmother Mamaw redresses the balance. The picture of Mamaw, notoriously fat and leaning precariously on a borrowed painter's ladder to touch the inscription of Dwayne's name, is a finely balanced moment of comedy, pathos and understated emotion.

Bad lad himself

Alan Coren

FREDDIE HANCOCK and DAVID NATHAN
Hancock
200pp. Ariel/BBC. Paperback, £2.95.
0563 204613
RAY GALTON and ALAN SIMPSON
The Best of Hancock
168pp. Robson. £7.50.
08651 367 X

There were two Hancocks. One was built by Jack and Lily Hancock of Birmingham in 1924; the other was built by Ray Galton and Alan Simpson of the BBC in 1954. The latter was as unquestionably the best of Hancocks as the former was the worst. These two books are therefore not a biography on the one hand and a collection of scripts on the other; they are two biographies, two presentations of distinctly different human beings. Galton and Simpson did not write half-hour playlets into which a comic actor stepped, in order to fulfil a dramatic function; they manufactured a persona who exposed weekly half-hours of his life.

The born version was called Anthony John Hancock, the fabricated version was called Anthony Aloysius St John Hancock; and nothing, perhaps, encapsulates the difference between them more than that handful of artificial additives. They summarize not only the pretension, the vainglory, the pomposity, the aspiration and the priggishness of the Galton-Simpson *Doppelgänger*, but – in the divine silliness of the chosen syllables – the vulnerability to ridicule that made the fictional characteristics simultaneously pitiable and hilarious. Every time, and there were many, that Anthony Aloysius St John Hancock proudly enunciated his name to some official or other, some new girlfriend, some social superior, some potential associate in this crackpot business venture or that, the instant self-delusion of his persona carried away its basic swiftness on a single puff of comic sympathy. He was a loser, and because of that, he was loved.

Plain Anthony John Hancock, however, had

Propriety undimmed

Craig Brown

KEITH WATERHOUSE
The Collected Letters of a Nobody: Including Mr Pooter's advice to his son
190pp. Michael Joseph. £9.95.
07181 25495

In his one and only letter to a fellow-author in this recently discovered batch, Mr Charles Pooter advises Jerome K. Jerome, "as one who is very familiar with your works", not to go ahead with the account of a boating holiday he has been contemplating publishing. "The boating craze will soon be over", he asserts, concluding, "stick to what you are best at, Mr Jerome – give us some more ghost stories: there is always a demand for them."

Mr Pooter may not have been right about everything, but it could never be said of him that he did not make the effort. In matters social and moral he was forever determined to maintain his position; that those around him – tradesmen, neighbours, manufacturers of faulty goods, his feckless son Lupin – offered him scant support in this lifelong task was no fault of his. There may have been those who, on hearing of Keith Waterhouse's discovery of these letters in a trunk in the loft of The Larches, Brickfield Terrace, Holloway, were nervous lest they reflect badly on Mr Pooter's reputation as a man who always strove to do his best. So often the posthumously published letters of an author reveal improprieties damaging to a reputation. Happily, Mr Pooter's letters, lovingly edited by Mr Waterhouse, further convince the reader of his basic rectitude. Many of these letters are alluded to in the Diary, particularly those of a "satiric" bent. The sense of humour hinted at in the Diary is paraded gloriously in the letters: puns (particularly those inspired by surnames) abound; and are awarded greater emphasis by generous deployment of the exclamation mark. Sometimes, inevitably, the sense of humour mingles

all the awfulness, and little of the redeeming vulnerability. He was beyond question a loser, but his losses were brought about not so much by his weaknesses as by the misuse of his strengths; furthermore, any pity we might be persuaded to feel for his self-destruction is pre-empted by the self-pity which constantly accompanied it.

Worse, the fabricated Hancock wrought havoc only on himself; the born Hancock wrecked the lives of others. An egomaniacal bully whose selfish unscrupulousness encouraged him to use his colleagues, friends and lovers with a careless cruelty, he seems to have employed the hackneyed excuse of genius to exculpate himself from any responsibility in the wanton damage he spread. Quite literally, with both hands: when, in a rage, he broke the nose of his second wife (the incredibly forgiving co-author of the biography *Hancock*), he could hardly wait for her to emerge from hospital before clouting her again so brutally as to rupture her ear-drum. Not surprisingly, the women in his life seem to have been constantly swilling down vast quantities of booze and barbiturates, either to keep up with him, or permanently to get away from him. I lost count of the number of times poor Mrs Hancock attempted suicide.

Professionally, he was as self-centred as he was self-deluding. Pursued by global ambitions which – to even the most uncritical admirer of his East Cheam triumphs – were quite preposterous, he jettisoned everyone who contributed to his domestic success on the grounds that his genius was being circumscribed by their association. The last to be got rid of were Galton and Simpson, and this final idiotic coup was the end of him. Without them, his act degenerated into a rag-bag of twenty-year-old Windmill gags and impressions of stars long dead. Interestingly, those parodies he most doggedly clung to were Charles Laughton and Robert Newton, both self-destructive misfits in an exactly similar mould. The biography is thus a grisly and dispiriting read. Henceforth, I for one shall find it difficult to watch Anthony Aloysius without seeing the shadow cast by Anthony John.



One of the twenty black-and-white photographs in *The Best of Hancock*.

Passions in Provence

Lesley Chamberlain

ROSALIND BRACKENBURY
Crossing the Water
211pp. Brighton: Harvester. £8.95.
07108 10032

Rosalind Brackenbury's latest essay in feminine consciousness is an attempt to reach the imagination of the male and bring the sexes closer to *entente*. A married English woman slowly embarks on an affair with a married French sculptor. We are asked to believe that "the daring and discouragement involved in being female" are revealed as she crosses the English Channel and the man-woman gulf, leaving behind her limited former self and discovering the world afresh.

The discouragement seems to be biological, the daring something to do with breaking the rules of silence and discretion. Brackenbury's story moves slowly, as if through a continuous series of film stills, and weaves a vision not far removed in appeal from the chocolate-box feminine – her narrator sees an idyllic Provencal cottage, children on tricycles, herbs in the salad, flowers in the garden, the weather, painting, and dogs. The leak soup is thick and creamy, the potatoes all have individual shapes. There are an awful lot of cats too across the water, as well as crumpled sheets and crumbs on the breakfast table, hot sun and high trouble, and a novel named *Desire*. (He makes a present of this to his wife in her presence; forbidden public tears, and the only black passage in the book, follow.)

The sense-impressions pile up, to vivid but questionable effect. Meanwhile the pervasive present tense, and the recurring duplication of experience; the repeated expression of the same feeling in other words, like this, suggest that such things as soup represent the eternal mystery of life and that some search for precision is involved in pinning them down.

The novel offers a charismatic example of one quality of a feminine vision, the ability to see everything from the beauty of the new season to the impending emptiness of the corn-flakes packet and the child's bleeding knee, the

sort of things to which men often seem irritatingly blind. But we have no opportunity to compare the visions, his and hers, in the book. Rosalind Brackenbury eschews character, dialogue and conscience, and thus eschews all sense of self.

Despite her pleasures the narrator is a disembodied woman, struggling to find an identity by recording each sensation. She knows that one obstacle to her Anglo-Saxon self-realization is fear of continental feminine elegance – the long limbs, soft Italian high-heeled shoes, spiky fingernails and delicate bones of the wife she betrays. Another problem is the lust she is acutely aware of while drinking alone. Beside these discoveries her snobbish worship of France looks like self-deceit; but may not be so intended, for it has a parallel in the uncritical love of men which Ms Brackenbury's heroine is not about to renounce.

Convalescence in Colorado

Isabel Fonseca

PAGE EDWARDS
The Lake: Father and son
144pp. Marion Boyars. £9.95.
0 7145 2834 X

Instead of "Father and Son", *The Lake* might have been subtitled "Love is a floating fly-line". Page Edwards's fourth novel is soddied with aquatic imagery. Woman is a fish on a line (or a rubber duck), man is a submarine, courtship is "sinking a sub in a war game", marriage is a head tub and "we are all as vulnerable as a fleet". Bedraggled by the marine motif, one family's sad story emerges in two parallel, not entirely compatible accounts.

Chapters of Dad's ruminations on his failed marriage to the brittle Rebecca alternate with his son's recollections, dictated into a tape recorder. The Kid and Page Edwards think the recording device will offer easy access to difficult emotions; but it proves awkward for both, something to be overcome every other chapter.

Convalescing from an ulcer caused by chills and repression, the boy recalls their holiday in a cabin on a Colorado lake. While Dad guzzles lake-fish of bourbon, Son is getting up to something suitably wholesome: doing the washing up, roasting hot dogs on the camp fire, shooting Dad in the leg. Heaven for this liver-bellied freckle-faced fourteen-year-old is a "turkey sandwich on Wonder bread". But for the Kid – an anemic all-American pastiche of his hero, Huck Finn and Holden Caulfield ("Dad kills me sometimes") – life has not been a picnic. The boy's constitutional disappointment is less interesting as a study of adolescent angst than as a reflection of the corrosive power of the father who is the real subject of the novel. The chapters devoted to the latter contain Edwards's best writing.

Joe Crabbe (aka Dad) makes his loved ones sick to their stomachs. Man, and in turn wife, are repelled when she tells him she is with Kid. As her midlife expands, so does the distance between them. Junior (whose entrance into the world was as welcome as a descending depth-charge) is doubled over from the delight of a few days with Dad, and is reduced to milk and

crackers for the duration.

Joe Crabbe was a submariner in the Navy, one of those "hyenas, whose job it is to rip out the soft underbelly of the elephants and spit their guts into the sea". It is no wonder that his victims experience abandonment vicariously.

And Crabbe is carefully named. An emotional scavenger who can face nothing but on, he scuttles sideways through life in a semi-drunk state. With river mud pressed on him "like a protective shell", he occasionally blinks "like a protective shell". By devoting late a lower form of life he attempts to shed the sense of being human – as father, husband or friend. He loves his submarine – "Ambush, stealth, viciousness, surprise, each becomes a deeper depth, Edwards is too often surface-bound in his confessional style, feelings are always told, not revealed; for lack of evidence the reader experiences a corresponding lack of sympathy. In this short novel Edwards dips into adolescent, divorce, adolescence, abandonment and the difficulty of sharing. But the water is dark and cold, and like the Kid he can only jump in and out.

"Literature is full of perfumes."

Nineteenth-Century Fiction

expands its coverage and is now

Nineteenth-Century Literature

Subscribe!

*Walt Whitman

Subscription Offer

- | | |
|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Enter my personal subscription to NCL. | <input type="checkbox"/> Enter our institutional subscription to NCL. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> One year (4 issues): \$15.00 | <input type="checkbox"/> One year (4 issues): \$25.00 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Special two-year rate: \$27.00 (Save 10%) | <input type="checkbox"/> Special two-year rate: \$45.00 (Save 10%) |
| Outside U.S. add \$3.00 per year | Outside U.S. add \$3.00 per year |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Payment enclosed | <input type="checkbox"/> Payment enclosed |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Please charge my <input type="checkbox"/> Visa <input type="checkbox"/> MC | <input type="checkbox"/> Send an invoice |
| Card <input type="checkbox"/> Exp. date | Bank#(MC) |

Signature _____ Dept. _____
Name _____ Street _____
Institution _____ State _____
City _____ Zip/Postal Code _____

Send orders to:

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA PRESS JOURNALS
BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA 94720

Remainders

Eric Korn

In the last few days of the Greater London Council, one wing of one of London's palaces was burned down and two museums, the Victoria and Albert and the British Museum, were flooded by the bursting of water mains. In each case the damage was less than had been feared, we were told. It would be whimsical, superstitious, or as we too often say now, paranoid, to seek or find any occult, cabalistic, symbolic or causal connection. None was under the GLC's management; the causes are in no wise attributable to, or symptomatic of, poor maintenance, inadequate funding, structural decay, official indifference, or the healthy belief that problems like poverty cannot be got rid of just by throwing money at them.

Yes. And under the matt black skin of Halley's core, the latest telescopic photometric data, bringing unexpected insights into the composition of other heavenly bodies including our own moon, have revealed the presence not merely of simple hydrocarbons but more complex organic molecules, including quantities of viridescent casein protein particles. Or green cheese.

★ ★ ★

I was in the British Library the other evening to study the less obscure works of Pascal Beverly Randolph, the Madagascan Rosicrucian erotologist, only to find that there are no evening deliveries from the stacks any more. Serious scholars, A. Spokefellow hinted to me, should be prepared to make sacrifices for their research, like joining the London Library. While it was not true that the entire Library was to be sold to McGraw Hill, or access to the catalogue to be metered and charged for, the Government could not definitely subsidize the whimsical enquiries of dilettantes like my goodself, or carry, in times of financial stringency, duplicate copies of obscure old books whose disposal would encourage the regions, simplify cataloguing, improve access to the remaining books, and liberate funds to enable those in real need to be helped, by the provision of incentives to the charitably minded private sector.

★ ★ ★

I've got this great story outline here. Action, romance, local colour, drama, suspense,

The periodicals: *Descant*

T. J. Binyon

Descant
No 51, Winter 1985-86: "The Culture of Crime"
244pp, 26. Available from PO Box 314, Station P, Toronto, Canada M5S 2S8.

This issue of the Canadian journal *Descant*, subtitled "The Culture of Crime", gets off on the wrong foot when the editor Karen Mulhally begins her preface by quoting Alice, after reading "Jabberwocky": "Somehow it seems to fill my head with ideas - only I don't know exactly what they are! However, *somebody* killed *something*: that's clear, at any rate." I add: "So Alice in the Looking-Glass House provides us with the essential elements of all tales of detection: *somebody* killed *something*." Laurence Black has written a detective story about the murder of 200 tropical fish, but in general the essential element in a tale of detection is that *somebody* has killed *someone*, and Alice's words are an attempt at exegesis, not detection. The confusion is characteristic; there is little attempt, in the issue as a whole, to come to terms with crime or crime fiction, and detection is more often used as metaphor than as a subject.

More orthodox are a lecture from Borges - annoyingly undated - concerned mainly with Poe, a sensible plug for the mystery story by Howard Engel (creator of private eye Benny Cooperman), and Ted Coonsen's tantalizingly brief introduction to Japanese detective fiction, whose first and best practitioner adopted the pen-name of Edogawa Rampo in homage

mayhem, and lashings of sex. Make a great movie. Great play too.

Not entirely original. I was helped by *The Secret History of Mack-beth King of Scotland taken from a very ancient Manuscript*, published by James Woodward in 1708. (Public domain, too.) It is sometimes found with *Memoirs of the Court of Scotland*, purportedly by Hypolitus, Earl of Douglas, actually by the writer of fairy tales, Madame la Comtesse d'Aulnoy: one catalogue attributes *Mack-beth* to her.

"Eric and his beloved Bertha forsook their Downy-Bed and took an agreeable walk on the beach of the sea not far from the mouth of the River Luna in Lancashire." While they were listening to the rowling surges of the sea, and heightening their present felicity by remembrance of their past evil fortune, a storm came up suddenly, dashed a passing frail barque upon some hidden rocks, and then abated, whereupon Eric and Bertha and two local hermits hurried to the shore to discover there three seemingly lifeless forms. The forms were the young Thane of Lorn, it transpired, and the fair Eugenia and her father, Thane of Argyle. "Hal!" exclaimed one hermit, drawing a dirk. "It is he. It is that villain, that Devil Incarnate. Look on me, Angus, know Glamis." Eric and the other hermit separate them; a remorseful Angus launches into his *skaz*.

Angus and Mack-beth were old comrades at court, Mack-beth a prince of royal blood, Angus an upwardly-mobile gofer. The two chums fell simultaneously for the daisy daughters of Broad-Albain, Jacquenetta and Annabella, wives respectively to the Thanes of Gaur and Kyle.

Angus, coming from Jacquenetta's bedroom, extricates Mack-beth from an ambush by ruffians in the service of Calithness, a rival in love and politics; in return, Mack-beth treats him to a stirring résumé of his amour, apparently scripted by John Cleland: "White, Firm, and Round," he reminisces, "and heav'd with an agreeable motion"; but scarcely had he got into possession of this inestimable Treasure (Mack-beth's phrase, not mine) when the husband was heard in the next room. He managed to hide under the bed (barely) when Kyle entered, took one look at the heaving roundness and made ready to indulge the Welcome Vigour (the Thane of Kyle's phrase, not Mack-beth's). No sooner was the sated Thane off the premises than Annabella leapt into a neat Bath strewn with sweet Herbs to make Purgation (Annabella's phrase), whither Mack-beth had

followed her, turning a pretty compliment about her sexual ingenuity.

Calithness, disgruntled by the failure of the ambush, shops Mack-beth and Annabella to Kyle, but is thwarted by the fearless fibbing of Annabella's maid.

Calithness slinks away, muttering about the contumacious Impotence of age having the Vanity to think itself sufficient for so much Youth, a phrase which not unnaturally gets up Kyle's nose; he thereafter keeps suspicious watch, and does eventually surprise the lovers, but is himself so surprised by one of the footstools with which the pragmatic Annabella has booby-trapped her chamber that he stumbles, falls comatose, and vanishes from the plot, as indeed does Annabella, her lusty but inconstant lover having tired of her and fallen for the daughter of Ross, the future Lady M., a smart move politically if less savvy as far as the intimate side of things is concerned, his bride being a "Woman that took so little delight in Conjugal Embraces that she had an utter Aversion to Man in that particular", in consequence of which Mack-beth goes off to suppress Macduald and the rebellious Western Islanders, who are followed into defeat by the King of Norway whose entire army Angus (who, as the more alert among you will recall, is narrating all this) poisons with a "soporeferous drug, common in Scotland". Tired by his vigorous activity, Mack-beth falls asleep in a shady arbour, and dreams of three women, faces shining with celestial glory, who greet him as Thane of Angus, Thane of Murray, King of Scotland. ("I know very well, that there is a story spread abroad that he met three witches in a forest, who visibly and by daylight gave him these salutations, but I had it from his own Mouth long before.")

Mack-beth and his side-kick Bancho take counsel, decide to dethrone King Duncan (that's what it says); Duncan is Sanctioned by Bancho's mob en route to Inverness and Mack-beth is elected to succeed him.

Mack-beth is a popular and wise King for five years. Unsexed Queen turns Mack-beth on by displaying naked Inetta, half-sister to Bancho (who has been told by some gypsies that his posterity will rule). Mack-beth solicits Bancho's help in debauching sister, offers Lady Mack-beth in return. Bancho enters Queen's bed and is immediately stabbed to death and accused of attempted rape ("he answered nothing and proceeded to Rudeness"); Mack-beth drugs and rapes Inetta, and then the female Scots nobility in general; he'd

have had Eugenia too, if I hadn't inconveniently clambered down a rope and fled with her to England and shipwreck, as you, Glamis, did earlier, taking with me her sweetheart the young Thane of Lorn, him there, whose aged father, I can now reveal, is not dead but safe, End of *skaz*. Glamis, Lorn, Eugenia, all delighted; messenger arrives from English Court, urging everyone to set out for Dunsmuir right away, which they do, passing by Benham Wood, "with Green Boughs all in their hats as in Triumph for bloodless Conquest". Mack-beth, deserted, is quickly dispatched; his Queen is "found to have died earlier, after walking about the castle with eyes shut talking to herself"; after an extended sermon on Constitutional Monarchy Malcolm is left in charge. Scholars may know which bits of this cock-and-bull story are original, which from Hollinhead (whence came Banquo's complicity and the graciousness of the three sisters, though they hail Macbeth as successively Cromarty, Moray, Angus), which, if any, from Hector Boece or Wyntoun or the *Bulk of the Cronicle*. I just want the paperback rights.

★ ★ ★

The BL has posted a list of the shelf-murders of flood-damaged books, not to be visited, if I all, till they are out of intensive care. Among the alphabet soup nestled our old friend PC, the Private Case. Have all the Library's books been washed away? Has that enviable stock of salacity been destroyed by some censorious God, some delicate-minded water nymph, or most sinister thought, deliberately irrigated by some gang of clean-living terrorists? From burning page three to drowning de Sade is but a step.

★ ★ ★

"I couldn't help notice the beautiful English people spoke when I was in Dhaka recently (many of them had MA's in Eng Lit too and quoted Donne or Boerwolf at the drop of a hat." (Neeloo's Diary, *New Life*, 4/4/86.)

The image of saucy pedantic Bangladeshi cursing the unruly sun whenever they doff their headgear is attractive; but what do they see in Boerwolf, that gloomily alliterative Afrikaans epic about the scotching of the wicked monster that threatens Bothar's hell, heterotopia, and the vengeance of the yet more fearsome Winifred Grendela?

FIFTY YEARS ON

The TLS of April 18, 1936 carried a review by D. L. Murray of *The Good New Days* by Marjorie and C. H. B. Quennell, from which the following passages are taken:

Englishmen abroad have in their minds' eyes a definite vision of England - the England they left twenty or thirty years ago. They see a land of thatched or tiled cottages nestling among small fields, surrounded by small gardens; they see great estates with lodges and gates and long carriage drives bordered by stately trees; they see, if they come from the North, large tracts of land given over to row after row of hideous streets surrounding mills and factories and collieries belching smoke and grime; they see small farms with horse teams ploughing, barn-door fowls scratching on the midland, pigsties cheek by jowl with the dwelling house; and a few inarticulate men and women working all hours of daylight and tumbling into bed at night with no thought of anything outside the life of the farm and the village. Distance has softened any uglinesses - and there were not many in that England of their youth.

If the wanderer takes a motor drive through this England of dreams the week he arrives home he would be well advised to carry as a guide-book "The Good New Days", by Marjorie and C. H. B. Quennell. It would point the way to much that is new in England today. He will see, for instance, that England's face has changed; at the thatched door he is likely to see an expensive car standing to take its owner back to town from his weekend retreat; in the grounds of the great house he will probably see school children playing, hotel guests disporting themselves under the luminous glare of neon-

pital patients with their nurses. In the North he will come across great areas with never a plume of the defiling smoke that is the breath of life or industry as he knew it; in the little village shop, if he runs short of cigarettes and tries to buy a packet, he will probably be told that there is no window are only dummies - every one is out of work; cigarettes are in such little demand that they are scarcely stocked at all now. On the farms he will see strange machinery reminiscent of a Wellsian dream of the future; he will see, too, on the farms a great deal of reinforced concrete and corrugated iron, and still more creosoted match-boarding; he will hear the hum of a dynamo instead of the hiss of milk from the byre, and the poultry will be confined in neat wire.

But perhaps it is in the social habits of the present day that the greatest changes have taken place. There has been a steady march out of the home among the moneyed and highly-salaried classes. Working people, where they can get good housing conditions and a little land, have tended, on the contrary, to stick more closely to home.

When our exile left home in the early years of the century he was grumbling at his income tax of 1s. in the £! The new England will disappoint him at first; having read and shuddered at the lack of privacy in Soviet Russia, and having been brought up with a sturdy British passion for his own privacy, he will be amazed at the prying into his private affairs by Government officials, and at first he may fall foul of them. It will surprise him to find that he is not taken in his word, and he will be astonished to find that social position entails very little privacy nowadays.

Letters

Robbins and After

Sir, - There is a bewildering amount of historical revision going on: first, Correlli Barnett's indictment of the Beveridge utopia in *The Audit of War*; now Lord Annan's magisterial review of John Carswell's account of the rise and fall of the Robbins principle (April 11); what next?

So, that wonderful dream we all shared - including Noel Annan. I presume; I certainly don't recall his saying anything like this at the Committee of Vice-Chancellors and Principals, on which I sat as Acting Vice-Chancellor at East Anglia - was quite simply *too expensive*. Why weren't we told? How many of us, now approaching fifty would have entered university teaching, convinced in those heady lookie are original, which from Hollinhead (whence came Banquo's complicity and the graciousness of the three sisters, though they hail Macbeth as successively Cromarty, Moray, Angus), which, if any, from Hector Boece or Wyntoun or the *Bulk of the Cronicle*. I just want the paperback rights.

Scholars may know which bits of this cock-and-bull story are original, which from Hollinhead (whence came Banquo's complicity and the graciousness of the three sisters, though they hail Macbeth as successively Cromarty, Moray, Angus), which, if any, from Hector Boece or Wyntoun or the *Bulk of the Cronicle*. I just want the paperback rights.

Annan benefits of course from hindsight, which makes all men wise. But I have to remind him that although some of us did indeed leave our doubts at the time, there was no relaxing the pressures to expand the university system. I still recall with some bitterness the hours wasted at my institution looking at "models" for threefold growth in student numbers in as many years. The pressures came not from us, but from our paymasters. What price those blueprints now? Much less than Albanian railway shares, which you can at least frame and hang on the landing.

Those paymasters now manage to imply that the ensuing debacle was somehow all the fault of the dons: they were too greedy, too power-hungry, too status-conscious to stop milking the uncomplaining public cow. But it simply wasn't like that. We were cajoled into taking more students, setting up more courses, making more appointments over a shorter time-scale than we knew was wise. It saddens me that those who have now hobbled the horse they kicked into a gallop a few short years ago will draw comfort from your distinguished reviewer's implied endorsement of their propaganda.

JOHN FLETCHER,
University of East Anglia, Norwich.

'Sexual Desire'

Sir, - Roger Scruton claims (Letters, April 11) that he does not defend the thesis that sexual desire is a necessary condition of personality (here "personality" is understood to mean "the property of being a person"). In my review I attributed this thesis to him.

I regret that my paraphrase looked like direct quotation. The passages I had principally in mind are on pages 183 and 348-9. On page 183 he claims that "a race of beings without sexual desire . . . would lack . . . personality". On page 349 he claims that persons are essentially sexually desirous.

Do not let me be misunderstood. In full the passage on page 183 runs as follows:

There could also be human beings without [sexual desire]. But whether they could also be social beings may be doubted. Indeed, as I shall later argue, a race of beings without sexual desire would lack a vast range of interpersonal responses. They really would be animals, for they would lack the feature (personality) which causes us to describe ourselves as more than merely animal.

This passage makes the following claims:

(1) It may be that one could not be a social being if one lacked sexual desire.
(2) A race of beings who lacked sexual desire would be animals. (They would be animals in that familiar, loaded sense in which we are not animals.)
(3) A race of beings who lacked sexual desire would lack personality.

I think (1), (2) and (3) are false. Professor Scruton has pointed out that the dilemma about the connection between sexual desire and personality on page 183 of his book concerns species considered as a whole, not individual members of species. He says that, although he accepts (3), he would not wish to accept

(1) Sexual desire is a necessary condition of personality in every individual case.
On pages 348-9, however, he writes that

We could, indeed, imagine a human being "outside society", but this *homo faber* . . . would be without sexual desire . . . He would also not be a person . . . The building of personality and the building of desire are the same process, conceived under different aspects . . . Persons are essentially [sexually] desirous.

I take this to amount to the claim that sexual desire is essential to being a person; that is, more formally, a capacity to experience feelings of sexual desire is a necessary condition of personality; or, in other words, (4). (Those who mistrust the dots - or the brackets - must look up the passage.)

Furthermore - returning to page 183 - it is arguable that Scruton cannot reject (4), given his endorsement of (1). For (1) is clearly a claim about individuals, not about species. And (1) and the negation of (4) jointly entail (5) It may be that one could possess those properties that constitute one as a person while lacking those properties that constitute one as a social being.

If Scruton's general position commits him to the rejection of (5) - and it seems clear that it does (cf page 348) - then he must either reject (1) or accept (4). Hence he must accept (4), given his endorsement of (1).

GALEN STRAWSON,
New College, Oxford.

'The Mythmaker'

Sir, - In his review of my *The Mythmaker* (March 28), J. L. Houlden complains that I ascribe to Paul the "deification" of Jesus, without explaining sufficiently what I mean by the term "deification". It is an important part of my argument that Paul was a mythmaker, not a theologian. His concept of Jesus as a

valiant from a higher world, who descended to save mankind by a sacrificial death, is a vivid myth; and Paul did not consider the theological problems it raises for monotheism - problems which engaged the Trinitarian theorists of later times. But I argued that Paul's view of Jesus as one to whom prayer and worship should be addressed, and with whom the worshipper can merge by a participatory mystical rite, is quite sufficient to establish that Jesus was some kind of deity in Paul's eyes.

By these criteria, Mr Houlden's suggestion that Paul's view of Jesus was akin to "Jewish Wisdom theology and apocalyptic" falls to the ground. What Jew ever addressed prayers or worship to the personification of God's wisdom who figures in Proverbs 8, or Wisdom of Solomon 6-7? What Jew ever partook of the body and blood of personified Wisdom, or of any of the apocalyptic figures? What Jew ever spoke of being "in Enoch", as Paul spoke of being "in Christ"? Houlden's use of the euphemism "high" to describe Paul's view of Jesus is typical of the attempt to find gradations in what is actually a gulf of difference.

Paul's eucharistic and participatory ideas, and indeed his whole myth of the descending Saviour, have no roots in Judaism, whether Palestinian or Hellenistic, but they have strong parallels in pagan religion. This is the unpalatable fact that no gulf-bridging sliding-devices, of which Mr Houlden's review is a compendium, can disguise. Paul's Christianity did not arise by evolutionary steps out of Judaism or Nazareneism. For good or ill, it was a new departure.

HYAM MACCOBY,
Leo Baeck College, 80 East End Road, London N3.

American Laureate

Sir, - What are we to learn about the unregeneracy of sexism from the way the gifted and liberal (as I thought) Christopher Hitchens expounds his relief at the gazing of Robert Penn Warren as first poet laureate of the United States ("American foreboding", that predated the announcement, "with cynics predicting someone unwholesomely eulogized" ("some mother of two who writes about 'growth', as I heard it gloomily put")? It is sufficiently shocking, that Hitchens thought the arrogant parenthetical phrase witty enough to repeat in the TLS. His own addition of "unwholesome" is intolerable.

Byronic male poets can notoriously scatter reference to "growth", seems to suggest that while this is a fine subject for male poets, as in Dylan Thomas's "The Force that through the Green Fuse Drives the Flower", or Wordsworth's *The Prelude, or Growth of the Poet's Mind*, anything written on growth by a mother would be an absurdity. Is this because any mother named American poet laureate is complacently assumed to be an incompetent chosen under affirmative action pressures? Or is he perhaps jealous of women's more intimate knowledge of growth?

It is all right for women poets to be frustrated lovers of men, like Emily Brontë and Emily Dickinson, or lesbians, in the tradition of Sappho, so well represented in our own time, but mothers! Spare us that unwholesomeness! In their scornful put-down of mothers as poets were Hitchens and his cynic deriding, for instance, Sylvia Plath who, left alone with the demands of poetry and two loved children, found the conflict too much to bear? Only a few mothers (such as Adrienne Rich) can bring themselves to step out and leave the pre-empting human demands behind. Most, as is implied by Christopher Hitchens's friend's obscene condescension, try to do the impossible, and receive for their efforts the kind of mindless, smart-alecky dismissal quoted by Hitchens with such smug satisfaction.

children all over the place without missing a pentameter, but even in a period when husbands pay lip service, at least, to the idea of equal sharing of parenthood, it is still the mothers, who for "unwholesome", perhaps "biological" reasons, give children priority as fathers rarely seem capable of doing.

Yet Mr Hitchens's cynic, in his mysterious reference to "growth", seems to suggest that while this is a fine subject for male poets, as in Dylan Thomas's "The Force that through the Green Fuse Drives the Flower", or Wordsworth's *The Prelude, or Growth of the Poet's Mind*, anything written on growth by a mother would be an absurdity. Is this because any mother named American poet laureate is complacently assumed to be an incompetent chosen under affirmative action pressures? Or is he perhaps jealous of women's more intimate knowledge of growth?

It is all right for women poets to be frustrated lovers of men, like Emily Brontë and Emily Dickinson, or lesbians, in the tradition of Sappho, so well represented in our own time, but mothers! Spare us that unwholesomeness!

In their scornful put-down of mothers as poets were Hitchens and his cynic deriding, for instance, Sylvia Plath who, left alone with the demands of poetry and two loved children, found the conflict too much to bear? Only a few mothers (such as Adrienne Rich) can bring themselves to step out and leave the pre-empting human demands behind. Most, as is implied by Christopher Hitchens's friend's obscene condescension, try to do the impossible, and receive for their efforts the kind of mindless, smart-alecky dismissal quoted by Hitchens with such smug satisfaction.

HOPE HALE DAVIS,
14 Athens Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02138.

Hardy's Poems

Sir, - Sir Rupert Hart-Davis misreads me (Letters, March 21) when he takes me to task for referring (March 7) to the eight separate volumes of Hardy's poems "as they were originally issued by Macmillan". He remarks that the two earliest volumes, *Wessex Poems and Poems of the Past and the Present*, were first published by Harper and Brothers. In these two cases I was referring not to first publication, but to the edition in which the books first appeared from Macmillan. In the case of the other six books, of course, there is no distinction, and with whom the worshipper can merge by a participatory mystical rite, is quite sufficient to establish that Jesus was some kind of deity in Paul's eyes.

The information that the three volumes of the new Clarendon Press edition of Hardy's *Complete Poetical Works* are to be followed by an edition of his dramatic works, including *The Dynasts*, is clearly given on the dustjacket of Volume Thirteen. I am taken aback when Samuel Hynes (Letters, April 4) suggests that I misled Sir Rupert in this respect. Sir Rupert was misled because he pronounced about the books without having looked at them properly.

ROBERT WELLS,
20 Jolly Gardeners Court, Waterloo Road, Norwich.

Lady Alexandra Metcalfe

Sir, - Your reviewer's kind notice of my selection from Lord Curzon's writings, *Travels with a Superior Person* (April 4), makes a brief reference to Curzon's daughter, "the late Lady Alexandra Metcalfe". I spoke to her on the telephone today, and she authorizes me to say that she is very much alive.

PETER KING,
Savile Club, 69 Brook Street, London W1.
We apologize for this mistake, which was due and not the reviewer's.

In Correlli Barnett's letter (April 11), the quotation in paragraph 4 from the minutes of the Economic Section of the War Cabinet Secretariat staff employment and productive efficiency is indirect and, indeed, ambiguous.

'First with the News'

Sir, - I have never before replied to a review of any of the books I have written. But the inaccuracies and misrepresentations in John Sutherland's alleged review (February 21) of *First with the News*, my history of W. H. Smith, are so inexcusable that I am bound to make the following comments.

First, of a comment by me on the attitudes of Smith's employees: "This would be more convincing if Wilson actually dealt with the sweetly unresentful workforce. But nowhere in his account . . . do we get any idea of what it was like to work for Smith's below boardroom level." This is totally untrue. He has obviously not read Chapter 11, which is a detailed history of Smith's labour relations; nor Chapter 14 on the relations between the partners and the wholesale managers; nor the substantial sections of Chapter 6 and Chapter 7 dealing with the departmental managers; nor the many other references to employees below boardroom level in Chapters 8 and 13.

Second (explaining why he regards Smith's as "un-innovative"): "They did not . . . expand into Scotland and Ireland." Again, quite untrue. Smith's operated in Scotland from 1851 to 1857 and in Ireland for much longer, from 1850 to 1886; both enterprises are documented to the maximum allowed by the existing records in Chapters 5 and 6.

Third, your reviewer misrepresents me on several points of great importance. For example, on the economics of newspaper management: "Wilson's logic is simple: papers cost money to make, therefore they must subscribe to and support a capitalist ideology. This is shareholders' history." My logic may be simple but your reviewer shows no sign of understanding it. I explained simply that without entertainment value and the income generated by advertisements, neither *The Times* nor any other newspaper in practice either sold or made enough profit to survive and be free of government influence. If Sutherland cares to describe this as shareholders' history he is free to do so; the fact remains that the *TLS* would not be in a position to pay him his fee for writing his alleged review of my book if my simple account were not sound history.

Similarly, I am held to equate personal virtue (diligence especially) and reward, "in the form of wealth and esteem". If he had accused me of equating virtue and diligence with business success I should have no quarrel with his remark. But I have explained the facts (pages 162 and 170). William Henry II refused all public honours. He remained, as he wrote, "plain Mr Smith" and it was Queen Victoria who ennobled his widow after his death. The posthumous reward was not a recognition of his wealth or business success. It was for the services he had rendered to the nation in Parliament as a Cabinet Minister responsible successfully for the Army, the Navy, Ireland and the leadership of the House of Commons.

There are other inaccuracies and misrepresentations too numerous to mention. I would draw attention only to a couple of points. First, there are enough critical observations on the partners, managers and business to refute Sutherland's charge that this history is "wholly uncritical". Second, in regard to relations between employees and employers let him simply read a sentence (page 173), basic to my interpretation, that in the nineteenth-century private business such relations sometimes resembled those of nineteenth and twentieth-century Japan more than those in modern Europe. He can draw his own conclusions.

Sutherland's review leaves me with the suspicion that he is not really interested in history. His final convoluted paragraph reveals an intellectually snobbish dislike of ordinary people who read the *Telegraph* and enjoy Agatha Christie. Given this, I can well understand his hatred of the "pompous decency" etc, which he associates with W. H. Smith. Hence his inability to understand the nature of their most important function in English social history. They brought literature of many kinds within the reach of very ordinary people who had previously had to leave such luxuries to the rich and privileged.

CHARLES WILSON,
45 Queen Street, Woolleura, New South Wales, Australia.

COMMENTARY

Self-deceivers defeated

David Robey

GIORDANO BRUNO
Il candelajo
The Pit, Barbican

Giordano Bruno's *Il candelajo* is better than most Italian Renaissance comedies, but still a very conventional work. Its triple plot ends with the defeat and humiliation of three self-deceiving idiots: the *candelajo* of the title, who fails in his attempt to win the love of a courtesan without spending too much (*candelajo* does not mean "candle-maker" here, as the translators of this RSC production Mia Dickson and Frank Donnerell believe, but is a slang term for a homosexual); a would-be alchemist, who is fooled and defrauded by his teacher; and a pedantic, self-important schoolmaster who is tricked out of his money by a gang of rascals disguised as police and, in the rather tasteless climax to the play, beaten on his naked buttocks. The winner, apart from the gang of rascals, is a clever young painter who manages to seduce the *candelajo*'s wife.

It is hard to see in this comedy any imprint of the profound, independent and idiosyncratic philosopher who was burnt at the stake by the Inquisition in 1600 after refusing to retract his heterodox beliefs. Astrology and magic feature prominently here as they do in Bruno's serious work, but in this case only as objects of ridicule. As for the programme's claim that the play "betrays his almost frantic detestation of hypocrisy and quackery in morals as in learning, and the beginning of his formulation of a new ethic and a new philosophy", this is scarcely born out by the plot. Following a comic tradition that goes back to the *Decameron*, *Il candelajo* is an amoral celebration of deceit in which malicious intelligence triumphs over harmless stupidity. Self-deception, not hypocrisy and quackery, is the target of Bruno's scorn.

If the play has a distinctive character, it is

mainly in structure and style: in its three-part plot, and also in a strong tendency to digress, through the inclusion of a large number of more or less obscene anecdotes. These features, together with the many obscene puns and jokes and the extensive verbal caricatures, including long passages in Latin, all make it a difficult play to translate and perform today. Yet in spite of this Frank Donnerell's adaptation has remained remarkably faithful to the spirit and for the most part even to the letter of the original, including many of the puns, jokes and caricatures and a great deal of the pedantic Latin.

A lot has been cut, with a consequent improvement in the pace; the performance is well under two hours in length, whereas the original is fairly lengthy. A number of relatively minor embellishments and substitutions have been made, some of them clever, though not all necessarily for the better; the crime of stealing a cloak, for instance, becomes that of bugging sheep, and the would-be alchemist's suicide attempt at the end is a rather uninspired insertion. But the distinctive features are largely kept, and what is left is still very much Bruno's play. The misinterpretation of the title is of no consequence, since the *candelajo*'s supposed homosexuality is virtually irrelevant to the plot.

Only a few parts stand out in a generally fast and energetic, but not particularly subtle production. Mel Martin doubles skilfully as the dignified but ageing courtesan and the *candelajo*'s mincing, lisping wife. Ian Talbot, who perhaps has the best of the major roles, makes an attractive caricature out of the self-important pedant Manfurio, and copes as well as might be expected with the loss of his trousers. The other two main characters, the *candelajo* himself and the would-be alchemist Bartolomeo, come across as rather too loud and ostentatious to be interesting. This is no doubt partly the fault of Bruno's text, but the whole performance would have been helped by being less noisy, especially in the slightly oppressive intimacy of The Pit.

The second act brings us to the Salisbury of 1976, the era of the civil war against Robert Mugabe's insurgent guerrillas. We find Mike Levine gulping whisky on the "stoep" of his luxurious suburban villa, but the remote bush war haunts his household in the shape of his son Paul, a frantic, sensitive young man who has seen too much of the killing and wants no more of it. Mike rages at his son and orders him back to camp, but Aunt Lily, clinging to memories of Gideon across half a century, urges young Paul to desert the unjust war and offers him her protection. Rather and aunt both fail; and when Independence arrives in 1980 we find the panicked, depleted white Jewish family preparing to "take the gap" to South Africa. It is Passover once again and old Isaac delivers the most tragic lines of the play: for the Levines "Israel" is now to be Cape Town.

Why Isaac should adopt this counsel of despair is not entirely clear. For much of the play colonial Rhodesia hardly intrudes on the self-absorbed family arguments of the Levines. A token black, Albert, is introduced in the 1950s but he remains a symbolic figure, in his sharp business suit, twenty years later. Apart from the trauma of the young army conscript Paul, the rise of black aspirations has scarcely intruded on the Levines - they have been too busy arguing about their best outlet, about who will go to who's house for Passover, about whose knitted socks the new baby will wear for his circumcision, and about how to fix the family tax returns.

Flight is an over-long play at three hours and gives the impression of an epic novel trying to squeeze itself on to the stage. We know that Jewish families love to argue about everything, but the incessant altercations are really wearying and the crucial confrontations become submerged in the flow of bickering. David Lan's play is intelligent and packed with vitality, but he has layered the bones of the drama with an excess of naturalistic detail.

Celestial fantasia

Peter Kemp

ADRIAN MITCHELL
White Sult Blues
Radio 3

Incorporating sizeable scraps of Mark Twain's own material, *White Sult Blues* is a play patterned on those of his later works that interweave fantasy and cosmic gloom. What stops it being the fitting tribute Adrian Mitchell intends it to be is its failure to get Twain's measure as an author or a man.

Opening at Twain's funeral, the play follows him to a "Celestial Complex" somewhat irrelevantly staffed by upper-class English comic butts and consisting of a vast tower-block: "Three million, five hundred thousand, one hundred and forty fourth floor", a lift-man is instructed, with the penchant for steep effects the play keeps parading. True to the bitter beliefs Twain broached in his terminal writings, worldly success turns out to be the criterion for elevation in this after life. Social rejects languish in a dungeon-like "Black Hole". Exemplars of Establishment greed and callousness - rulers, politicians, military top brass - are ensconced at the pinnacle of Paradise: "Zion's Golden Penthouse". Invited here to deliver an amusing after-dinner speech, Twain instead unleashes a scathing diatribe, denouncing Christianity, colonialism, and the barbarities perpetrated under cover of civilization.

During this spirited outburst to his ghostly listeners, he alludes sarcastically to "the United States of Lynchin". Mitchell might have noted, though, that in actuality, having put together a dossier on the horrendous statistics of stringing up in the States, Twain prudently refrained from publishing it lest it ruin his sales and reputation in the South. Also, while harboring in private the views he here gives such unequivocal voice to, he would have been only too likely, in public, to court the acclaim of the rich and successful by providing what they wanted to hear. An eager caterer to audience requirements and a compliant submitter to censorship, he was both more craven and more complex than the unfalteringly outspoken scourge of hypocrisy and the status quo Mitchell depicts him as.

AUTHOR, AUTHOR

Competition No 274

Readers are invited to identify the sources of the three quotations which follow and to send us the answers so that they reach this office not later than May 9. A prize of £20 is offered for the first correct set of answers opened on that date, or falling that the most nearly correct - in which case inspired guesswork will also be taken into consideration. Entries, marked "Author, Author 274" on the envelope, should be addressed to the Editor, *The Times Literary Supplement*, Priory House, St John's Lane, London EC1M 4BX. The solution and results will appear on May 16.

1 When she left Lillington for the wider shores of Notting Hill she gave it out that she was sick of living in a borough where everyone you met was looking after No.2.

2 He got into a cab in Piccadilly and had himself taken to a certain address in Lillington. Here he knocked at a decent, modest door, - at which a house as men live in with two or three hundred a year.

3 A summer's day in Lillington, full of the mournful wall of antique-restoring machinery. Penicrhur was unobtrusively busy for the afternoon, as Arthur wandered in a blissed-out haze and looked at the shops which, in Lillington, are quite a useful bunch, as anyone who regularly needs old woodworking tools, Boer-war helmets, drag, office furniture or fish will readily confirm.

Competition No 275
Winner: Brian Andrews

Answers:

1 "All of a sudden everybody started to throw things. Not me. Nigger'd just knocked local boy down. Nigger put up his glove. Wanted to make a speech. A noble-looking nigger. Started to make a speech. Then local white boy hit him. Then he knocked white boy cold. Then everybody commenced to throw chairs. Nigger went home with us in our car. Couldn't get his clothes. Were my own. Remember the whole thing now. Big spring evening."

ell depicts him as.

Peopling his books with doubles, twins, role players and impostors, Twain - who talked, as he was dying, about Jekyll and Hyde and dual personalities - was a notoriously divided individual. Like the Siamese twins he wrote a fascinatedly about, he contained two personalities under the same skin: one tamely obedient, the other bursting with unruly satirical fury. Using its celestial fantasia to harp on just one component of his character - the anarchic rage - Mitchell's post-mortem analysis the essence of Twain: a desire simultaneously to ingratiate and indict, a need to be applauded by those he derides.

Only the bizarrely oscillating scenario - curiously suggestive of both Ronald Reagan and the Revd Ian Paisley - deployed by Harry Towb in the play's central role gives any effect of doubleness to this Twain. The rendering of extracts from the author's work is inspired too, by the intrusion into them of duties imposed by Mitchell. Since Twain - who even as a boy "used to play with the pause as other children play with a toy" - was an artist acutely aware of pace, rhythm, carefully timed effects, to interrupt his prose set-pieces is to do them a peculiar disservice. Significantly, the best two passages in the play - a galloping description of the Pony Express, an account of gliding down the Mississippi - are ones whose tempo is not broken.

Even the robust buoyancy of the Mississippi sequence ultimately slinks, though, under the load of misapprehension and mawkishness Mitchell heaps into his play's last scene. Flung out of Heaven, Twain, along with his daughter Susy, lands on Huck and Jim's raft. Reunited with other members of the Clemens family, the crew then sail along, chorusing: "All I Want is a River and a Raft" - that is their idea of paradise. Given that Susy Clemens, who always hoped that Twain would turn out more "uplifting" productions like his *Joan of Arc*, loathed *Huckleberry Finn* and blushed at her father's reputation as a salty eccentric, this seems an unlikely eventuality. That she and her propriety-conscious mother strangely seen by Mitchell as "throw out" from respectability - should take with relief to a life of nautical vagabondage is the one genuinely hilarious notion in this rather ludicrous piece.

2 I wanted to deliver my speech more than anything else in the world, because I felt that only one man could judge truly my ability, and now this small clown was ruining my chances. I began coughing, carefully now, moving in to punch him and out again with my greater speed. A lucky blow to his chin and he had him going too - until I heard a loud voice yell, "I got my money on the big boy."

3 Like many eminent members of his profession, he was rather prone to tears when his feelings were wounded; and his countenance was falling rapidly when Lord Worthington came up to him. "I had no idea you were such an orator," he said. "You can go into the church any time when you cut the other trade. Eh?"

G. B. Shaw, *Casual Byron's Profession*, chapter 6.

Exhibitions this spring and summer at the Pierpont Morgan Library, New York, will be: "From Merchants to Emperors: British Art in India, 1757-1930", from May 1 to July 31, which will include more than 150 drawings, watercolours, prints and photographs documenting two centuries of British rule in India, selected chiefly from the private collection of Paul F. Walter; "Gustav Mahler (1860-1911): Franz Liszt (1811-1886)", from April 17 to July 31, a small exhibition of early, medieval and Carolingian manuscripts from the Library's collection.

With downcast gaze

Marina Warner

Alfred Gilbert (1854-1934): Sculptor of Eros
Royal Academy, until June 29

Alfred Gilbert's subjects rarely look you in the eye. Eros languidly fixes on some vague middle distance, but does not mark with his gaze the target of his "missile of kindness"; the beautifully balanced *contrapposto* of "Perseus Arming" catches the hero in the act of checking his winged ankle with a graceful downward look over the shoulder; Icarus, sheathed in his wings as if hatching from the death-throes of the dove in the snake's coils on his pedestal.

With these youths, Gilbert openly challenged several Renaissance masterpieces - Donatello's "David", Cellini's "Perseus" and Giambologna's "Mercury" - which he had seen in Italy in the 1870s, at a crucial period of his formation as England's most virtuous Victorian sculptor. His sensitive modelling of flesh, of bones moving beneath the skin, his technical brilliance in casting bronze and other metals according to the lost wax process, deservedly raised a storm of praise when the "Perseus" and the "Icarus" were exhibited in London in 1882 and 1884. But Gilbert perceives his heroes with little of his Renaissance forebears' humanist confidence and affirmation. He intensifies their vulnerability; for them, the test lies ahead, and it will be poignant, not glorious, and perhaps not even tragic. The sculptor accentuates their condition of naked exposure by a realist attention to accoutrements, to the straps on Icarus' wings, to the heavy helmets above the delicate features. His male figures suffer their magnificent, artificial trappings, rather than exist in them or control them. By contrast, his nymph "An Offering to Hymen" stands purshally; his adored mother, in a bust of 1904 called with unwitting comedy, "The Mother of the 9th Symphony", possesses the courage to look up.

The Royal Academy's exhibition increases

Scott's Magnum Opus returns

Janet Adam Smith

"Constable has a scheme of publishing the works of the Author of W—y in a superior style at £1.1 volume. . . . I have only to contribute the Notes which are light work". Walter Scott wrote in his Journal in December 1825. Then came the credit crash of 1826, the downfall of Constable, and Scott's financial ruin. So when Robert Cadell, who bought the copyrights in 1827, revived the idea of a collected edition - in a cheaper, more popular style than Constable had contemplated - Scott saw it as a "Pagan prospect" to extricate himself from his affairs. The *Magnum Opus*, as it was called, became his strongest weapon in his fight with creditors. He worked doggedly on it till near his death, while still producing new work. "The *Magnum Opus* keeps its ground", he wrote in May 1830, and by September 1831 Cadell could report sales of 30,000 a month. When Scott died the next year, his debts were almost paid.

Cadell had supplied him with octavo volumes of earlier editions, interleaved. On the interleaves, and in the margins of the printed pages, Scott made copious corrections and insertions, and newly composed notes. Though spurred on by financial rather than literary pressures, he did not skimp his task: "I will multiply the notes therefore where there is a chance of giving pleasure and variety." So he collected anecdotes and antiquarian details, wrote material supplied by others, sent extra passages even when a volume was in the press. He often overran the blank pages and added separate sheets; so the forty-one volumes of the *Magnum Opus*, when rebound to preserve all these additions, contained a mass of manuscript material, nearly all in Scott's hand, visible witness to his heroic labours.

A. and G. C. Black, who bought the Scott copyrights from Cadell, sold the forty-one volumes to a New York dealer in 1929. Ten

the atmosphere of invalidish oppression. The architect Piers Gough has draped the rooms in widow's weeds, and ruled the photographs and captions on the walls in black like *faux-parts* to a death in the family. Here and there the mortuary drapes become grey or cream, suspended from spearheads like heraldic banners in the side chapels of military orders. Theatrical touches emulate Victoria's own décor at Osborne; just as the Queen displayed casts of her children's hands, this show sets out the casting sections of Eros like prostheses in a surgical suppliers' window, tastefully arranged on rucked grey cheesecloth. If Eros alert and on tiptoe were present, and the design of the exhibition sunnier, it is possible that Gilbert would not come across as such a clammy and crepuscular spirit.

In the undertaker's gloom, however, certain Gilbertian motifs appear to recur with stifling insistence. On the Pawcett Memorial in Westminster Abbey of 1885-7 (represented necessarily by a photograph), Gilbert included "Sympathy", a female nude, with brooding downcast gaze, gradually becoming entangled in brambles like a maidenly Laocoon who does not struggle but exemplifies her virtue by bearing the pain passively. "Sympathy" foreshadows the memorial to the Marchioness of Albury at Savernake who wilts, again with shielded glance, behind a sprouting tree which screens her and her attendant cherubs from inspection. But Gilbert's concern with the human spirit enmeshed and impeded by vigorous exterior forces culminates most successfully in the exquisite, frail, silver-gold and pink statuette of the Virgin he made for the tomb of the Duke of Clarence. A *Rosa Mistica*, she is entwined in briars growing up and around her to form a May Queen's garland that is also a crown of thorns.

Richard Dormant, who has written the detailed illustrated biography of the sculptor (reviewed in the *TLS* of October 4, 1985) has also organized the show and compiled the equally handsome catalogue. He offers highly sympathetic readings of the connections between the work and the life, which finally led to the

years later, negotiations to bring them back to Scotland, to the National Library, were cut short by war. They were then sold to an anonymous American collector and disappeared from view. This collector, now known to have been Miss Doris Benz, left her library to be sold for the benefit of Dartmouth College, New Hampshire; and the College generously, with the co-operation of the Benz trustees and Christie's, agreed that the *Magnum Opus* should be sold by private treaty to the National Library - if the money could be raised. About the same time important Scott manuscripts including "The Lord of the Isles", *Quentin Durward*, *The Betrothed*, *The Fair Maid of Perth* - were offered to the Library by the Trustees of the Pforzheimer Collection, also by private treaty. The combined cost of these and the *Magnum Opus* - \$920,000 - was far beyond the National Library's own resources; that the Chairman of the Trustees was last month able to announce the successful conclusion to both transactions was due to substantial help from the National Heritage Memorial Fund (£325,000) and from many Scottish businesses, institutions and individual donors. One of these, Robert Maxwell, plans to produce, through the Pergamon Press, a facsimile edition of the *Magnum Opus* on microfilm.

Among the first scholars to profit from these accessions will be the editors of the forthcoming Edinburgh edition of the *Waverley Novels* - the first definitive edition since Scott's revision more than 150 years ago. The manuscripts of the novels from the Pforzheimer, for instance, will establish Scott's original intentions - for in the process of copying and recopying the novels before they were printed (in order to preserve his anonymity) errors crept in at a very early stage. The National Library, already rich in Scott's correspondence, proof-sheets and manuscripts, is now by these accessions fittingly established as the principal centre for the study of Scott.

COMMENTARY



A self-portrait by Alfred Gilbert, c 1912, reproduced from the catalogue of the exhibition reviewed here (224pp, £9.90).

in London", as Dormant says, hardly expresses erotic passion (and would not have lasted if it did), but it is not successful either at conveying the principle of selfless love, Anteros, as Gilbert intended. The sculptor seems to have once portrayed a loving couple, in the funeral urn "Mors Iana Vita"; except for some early Maternity and Charity figures, profoundly influenced by Dalou, his figures usually stand alone.

Gilbert returned to the theme of mother and child in some of his last sculptures to survive, the grand memorial to Queen Alexandra, in which a semi-naked human soul is cradled by Faith, Hope and Charity like mothers of mercy enfolding a sinner. In a pair of similar painted plaster done in Bruges during the First World War, "Peace" drops her eyes in the Gilbertian manner, and cradles her child's head; "War" has her eyes open and gazes steadfastly ahead. The difference in "War" is a marked one in Gilbert's oeuvre. But it does not on its own mark the difference between peace and war with anything like sufficient empathy or imagination, and this late sculpture's failure seals Gilbert's ultimate incapacity to symbolize what he knew of suffering and courage and love.

From sensuousness to sobriety

Edward Timms

Vienna 1880-1938: Naissance d'un siècle
Pompidou Centre, Paris, until May 5

This exhibition, which is an extended version of the Vienna original, establishes Viennese modernism as one of the seminal movements of the twentieth century. We are welcomed into a plush Victorian interior, where the resonance of a Bösendorfer piano temporarily holds us entranced. But from the decorum of Brahms we are steadily carried forward towards the austerity of Alban Berg; the opulent portraiture of Klimt leads to the skeletal figures of Schiele; the indulgent eroticism of Schnitzler gives way to the astringency of Muzil; the architectural lavishness of the Ringstrasse to the angular functionalism of Joseph Frank; the impressionism of Mach to the rigour of Wittgenstein. Interwoven with these main lines of development is a rich display of minor arts - furniture and textile design, glass and ceramics, photographs, posters and even toys. Technological developments are also represented, from the laying of electric cables in the 1880s to the first streamlined motor car around 1930. The exhibition is carefully structured and yet has exceptional amplitude.

From the wealth of detail the essential quest of Viennese culture emerges: salvation through sensuous experience. Every dimension of sensuous experience is explored to its limit, through music and through colour, through the tactile value of materials and the geometrical lines of design, the sensuous appeal of the body and the subliminal realm of the unconscious; the study of Scott.

the austere delights of language and the pleasures of the palate (a complete Viennese coffee-house fills the central hall). Rarely have the delights of the senses been so insistently explored. But the logic of the exhibition shows that sensuous experience is not enough. Aesthetic delight ultimately dissolves into existential anxiety. And it becomes clear that civilization can only be sustained by more rational principles.

By the 1920s the moral is clear: salvation must be found in a sober world. This in their different fields is the message of Wittgenstein, Musil, Freud, Loos, Schoenberg and Popper. Otto Neurath's pictograms represent the culmination of a debate about the human figure which has moved from indulgence to statistical precision. In this sense Viennese modernism is a success story, demonstrating exemplary adjustments to a technocratic age. But its cultural evolution is never free of apocalyptic undertones. The First World War (reflected in the nightmare visions of Kraus and Kubin) casts a heavy shadow. And we are reminded by a striking sequence of watercolours, painted in Vienna before 1914 by Adolf Hitler, that art and politics continuously intertwine.

This Paris exhibition is superior to its predecessor in Vienna, *Dream and Reality: Vienna 1870-1930* (*TLS*, April 12, 1985), because it never loses sight of the political dimension. The posters which prior to 1914 had insisted on the autonomy of art proclaim after 1919 the inescapable primacy of politics. The final display juxtaposes pictures of Hitler returning in triumph in 1938 with the faces of that extraordinarily gifted generation that was forced into exile.

Gathering Beethoven's drift

William Drabkin

DOUGLAS JOHNSON, ALAN TYSON and ROBERT WINTER

The Beethoven Sketchbooks: History, reconstruction, inventory
Edited by Douglas Johnson
611pp, Oxford University Press. £60.
0193153130

Surprisingly, it has taken a long time for research into Beethoven's sketches to be brought into the twentieth century. The name most closely connected with the sketchbooks remains that of Gustav Nottebohm (1817-82), a composer and piano teacher who was later employed by the publishing firm of Breitkopf and Härtel to revise their thematic catalogue of Beethoven's works and assist in the editing of the first scholarly *Gesamtausgabe*. It was Nottebohm's broad survey of the sketchbooks, recorded in two monographs on individual manuscripts and a series of pithy journal articles (subsequently collected in two volumes of *Beethoveniana*), which first aroused widespread interest in them as musical documents. Ironically, these articles also remained the chief basis of our understanding of the composer's creative procedures until recent times. Even a century after the posthumous publication of *Zweite Beethoveniana* (the Old Testament of Beethoven sketch research), the content of most of the sketchbooks is still largely unfamiliar, perhaps a twentieth of the material having been published in a readable transcription.

The problem of accessibility to the sketchbooks is twofold. First, Beethoven's handwriting is notoriously difficult to read, and requires musical insight for correct interpretation: to publish a transcription in which the noteheads are placed where they happen to have fallen from Beethoven's quill on to the stave-lines is to risk making nonsense of one of the most remarkable written records of musical thinking. Second, even a correct reading of, say, a leaf in a sketchbook for a piece may not be of much use to understanding that piece if the leaves written by Beethoven before and after it have been removed from their place in the sketchbook: it then becomes necessary to look for them elsewhere, or in another manuscript, or at another place in the original book. This is the pattern that Douglas Johnson, Alan Tyson and Robert Winter have addressed. They have tried to restore the sketchbooks to their state at the time Beethoven used them.

As they point out, "if all Beethoven's sketchbooks survived intact, there would be little need for a book of this sort; it could be replaced by a simple list". But a few manuscripts must be deemed irrevocably lost, and the vast majority of those surviving have been preserved only imperfectly: some are missing a few leaves, some contain a small proportion of

leaves of what must have been a more substantial manuscript, and a few can only be partially and hypothetically reconstructed from leaves scattered across the globe. In an extreme case, all that remains of a sketchbook of 1801 - the year of the "Moonlight" Sonata - are twenty-two leaves distributed among sixteen libraries, archives and private collections.

Determining how the sketchbooks were originally made up, and discovering where they are located, are not simple matters, even for those fully aware of the importance of such tasks; yet these should have seemed obvious desiderata of Beethoven scholars in the generations after Nottebohm. Despite the more obvious gaps, inconsistencies and examples of totally arbitrary structure found among manuscripts housed in major research libraries, it was not until the 1960s - a decade which saw new signs of life in Beethoven research in anticipation of the bicentenary year (1970) - that scholars recognized that something had to be done in order to make sense of the sketchbooks as records of continuous thought processes.

But the real starting-point for a modern, scientific approach to these problems came in 1972, when two of the present authors jointly published an article in the *Journal of the American Musicological Society*, setting out some of the techniques for the reconstruction of the sketchbooks. This essay was quickly followed by studies of specific manuscripts (or compositions) in which the methods of reconstruction were further refined; these included the doctoral dissertations of Douglas Johnson and Robert Winter (both 1978) and articles by Alan Tyson devoted to the reconstruction of important middle-period sketchbooks. Other scholars took up the techniques set out in these studies; foremost among them was Sieghard Brandenburg, now director of the Beethoven Archive in Bonn.

Most of the techniques of sketchbook reconstruction were well understood by the mid-1970s, and plans for the present book were set in motion in 1974. Yet despite the exhaustive work of three scholars, each a specialist in a different period of Beethoven's life, problems soon emerged which were to delay publication by several years. It became clear that many genuine sketchbooks were not "professionally" made up, with a regular structure and neat stitching running down the central fold of each gathering of paper. Many of the sketchbooks (indeed most of the later ones) were put together from loose sheets of paper - perhaps by Beethoven himself - in a manner approximating the professionally made-up book. Some were assembled more crudely, by stitching together odd sheets of paper left over from completed projects. And a large number of the loose, unstitched leaves in small format which Beethoven carried with him in his coat pocket could be shown to have formed large bundles; these, too, laid claim to inclusion in the category "sketchbook". In the event, the authors list

no fewer than seventy sketchbooks, several substantial bundles of well-advanced drafts for the late string quartets, together with five batches of sketch leaves described as "problematical cases", although at about the time of his death, Beethoven's personal effects were reckoned to contain only "27 eigenhändige Notizbücher (Musikal. Skizzen)" (27 autograph notebooks [musical sketches]).

The inclusion of a larger number of sketchbooks, and the more extensive discussion of the "special cases", meant that greater attention would have to be given to the musical content of the sketches: careful transcriptions could reveal continuity from one page to the next where the normal criteria used in determining the physical make-up of a sketchbook (for example, watermarks, ink-blots and stitch-holes) were inadequate. Finally, an important collection of Beethoven manuscripts, believed lost since the Second World War, turned up in Kraków, Poland, in 1977; to wait until they were generally accessible to scholars (about 1980) seems now to have been fully justified, for the book is all the more valuable for having information about the physical structure of manuscripts that many scholars will have difficulty in examining first-hand. (Much of the material on the Kraków sketchbooks, and on other manuscripts to which the authors had insufficient access, was prepared by Brandenburg.)

The Beethoven Sketchbooks is divided into five parts. The first, written by Johnson, begins with some preliminary remarks on the value of the sketches for studying Beethoven's work historically, stylistically and analytically. There follows a chapter surveying the complex history of the ownership of sketchbooks in the nineteenth century: how manuscripts passed from one collector to another, and how certain collectors removed leaves from their manuscripts for presentation or sale. The second chapter, only twenty-four pages long, contains a most lucid explanation of the various ways in which Beethoven's sketchbooks were made up, and how he must have used them: it brings together, for the first time, all the essential information about manuscript structure, watermarks in the paper, the lining of paper with musical staves (a science now known as "rastrology"), the stitching of remnant leaves to form a "home-made" sketchbook, the writing implements Beethoven used while sketching (and the ink-blots and their effects caused by the uneven flow of ink from his pen-quills), and methods the composer evolved to achieve musical continuity between short sketches. The contents of this chapter ought to be memorized by any scholar working with eighteenth or nineteenth-century sources.

The second part of the book gives more precise information about the provenance, physical make-up and dating of each of the thirty-three large sketchbooks which Beethoven used at the table beside his piano; it is shared by the

three authors, Tyson being responsible for the largest number of sketchbooks. The centerpiece of each chapter is a "structural chart" for the manuscript under consideration, which shows how the leaves in the book are arranged, and where ink-blots, stitch-holes and evidence of musical continuity offer additional information about manuscript structure. Places at which leaves are missing from the book are duly noted; loose leaves from other sources that belong to (or are likely candidates for inclusion in) the book are added to the chart. The authors' work is not only the first comprehensive survey of the structure of the sketchbooks, it also represents considerable progress towards full restoration.

The next two parts, devoted to the pocket sketchbooks and to the advanced sketches in full score for the late quartets, are almost entirely written by Robert Winter. Here the work is more specialized, being concerned with types of manuscripts which were assembled differently, and which were in use only for a part of Beethoven's career. In discussing the pocket sources, Winter in effect begins the book for the second time. For not only are the techniques of reconstruction to be modified, the nature of the creative process itself changes: making occasional pencil fiddling while taking a walk in the open air is an entirely different kind of creative act from sitting at a desk and making tough decisions about musical structure; and it must be explained in different terms. Likewise, the score sketches represent a new phase in Beethoven's creativity, marked by his increasing preoccupation with the complexities of part-writing. (This is perhaps the most distinctive feature of the late quartets.) The last part of the book is concerned with five problematic areas in the surviving sketches, including the loose leaves of the 1780s and 90s which pre-date Beethoven's systematic use of sketchbooks.

In the appendix, Johnson has compiled a valuable set of free-hand drawings of the watermarks of fifty-seven paper-types commonly found in the sketchbooks; these have been cross-indexed to the descriptions of the individual manuscripts. A discussion and partial transcription of the catalogues used at the auction of Beethoven's effects in November 1827 usefully relates to the account of the early history of the sketchbooks in Part One.

There can be little doubt that *The Beethoven Sketchbooks*, the product of painstaking efforts of three of the world's most eminent musicologists, will be of enormous benefit to scholars for many years to come. If specific observations can be questioned now, or shown later to be unfounded, this will in great part be due to the acceleration of research which the book will immediately promote. Beethoven scholarship has not only caught up with other branches of musicology in the present century, it is now fully prepared to step forward into the next.

brass plate on the door. "Massive, undiscriminating demand for cheap lessons was probably the greatest single stimulus to the employment of musicians, of a sort, in late Victorian and Edwardian society."

Professor Ehrlich turns a noticeably cool glance on the music colleges, which too easily neglected the task of training first-rate orchestral performers and got profitably sucked into the diploma-giving business. Then when the era of dance-bands and cinema organs came along, they failed to provide training for those. The reader is not told, however, of the marked recent shifts in college curricula and in the basis of staff remuneration, under pressure from the Department of Education and Science and elsewhere. Equally, the post-1945 developments in orchestral life are skimmed, with nothing about provincial changes or the life of the London "session musician" (playing mainly for film, television commercials, anonymous recording orchestras, etc.). It is decidedly odd to tabulate "some music colleges" with dates of foundation (but not dates of cessation, where applicable) yet not to tabulate the country's orchestras.

Because of the unevenness of its coverage, particularly at the modern end, the book has its

disappointments. But what is given is well given. In particular, a new counterpoint to supposed Edwardian grandeur is sounded in the account of the "sweated" labour of music-hall orchestral players and of their strike in 1907 - made possible because the Liberal government had recently legalized peaceful picketing. There are some entertaining illustrations. A few mistaken names have slipped through among them: "Cardoni" for Caradori and "McEwan" for McEwen, and the pianist-composer Eugene d'Albert is given an origin in Newcastle instead of Glasgow.

Paul Griffiths's *The String Quartet*, which has now been reissued in paperback (200pp, Thames and Hudson, £6.50, 0 500 27383 9), Johnson rightly dismisses claims as to the uniqueness of Lautrec's imagery by setting it in the broader context of art and culture in Paris in the 1890s, and Griffiths summarizes the basic data on the technical processes of lithography, the significance of colour lithography and the financial and economic constraints of the print industry within which Lautrec worked.

The scope of the publication which accom-

From parody to profundity

Sarah Whitfield

MARIA LLUISA BORRÁS

Picabia
509pp, Thames and Hudson. £65.
050234426

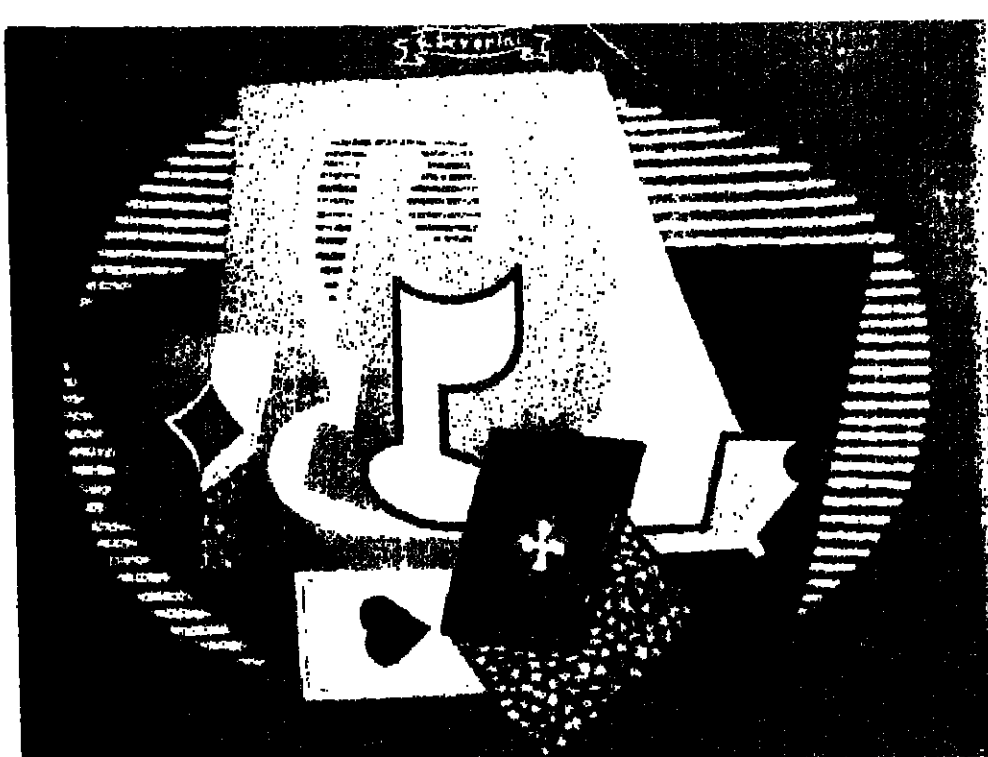
As a leading Dada polemicist, Picabia used his work to question the very nature and validity of art. Throughout his long career he continued to do so in a manner which was more self-conscious and self-mocking than that of any other artist, with the possible exception of Marcel Duchamp. One result has been a lingering suspicion that his attitude to art is too irreverent and too superficial for his work to be taken altogether seriously. The sizeable private income which allowed him to indulge his passion for fast cars has not helped to dispel his image as the playboy of Western art.

But the stature that Picabia achieved as an artist depended precisely on this ambivalence. He might begin by toying with a style or styles in a spirit of parody or even pastiche, but he would often develop this game into a profoundly serious aesthetic investigation. This disconcerting manner of working is easily misunderstood. There is, for example, the period in the Second World War during which he painted figurative pictures in a blatantly kitsch style - a style which surely began as a play on the brutal naturalism of "official" German art, but which he gradually transformed into a new realism, as perceptive as it is intense.

A satisfactory monograph on such an equivocal artist must manoeuvre deftly through a maze of paradox. Maria Lluïsa Borrás, however, chooses to treat Picabia with a heavy-handed protectiveness. We find her attacking Apollinaire for not writing about him at great

length in his classic study, *Les Peintres Cubistes* - she seems to feel that Picabia merited greater attention as a reward for financing the book's publication. Confronted with the pace of his social life in mid-1920s Cannes, she excuses him by concluding that "Picabia attended these worldly gatherings solely and exclusively as 'the artist'... never in his capacity as a private person". Could it be that she feels that this misplaced loyalty is expected of her by those close to Picabia who have given her privileged access to information and papers?

This assistance has enabled her to produce a very detailed account of Picabia's activities, often substantiated by numerous letters and documents (which would have been more useful if the book had been provided with a general index), but it has not provided her with insights comparable in quality with those of William Camfield's monograph published in 1979. The perspective in which she places the work is too often distorted; for example, she identifies Picabia much more closely with Surrealism than history allows. In failing to consider what being a Surrealist actually entails, she uses the word "surrealist" in a loose and cavalier way. Thus she tells us that Picabia's one-man show at the Galerie Van Leer in 1927 "may be regarded as completely Surrealist", but does not begin to say why it should be so regarded. As further proof of Picabia's role as a Surrealist, she mentions the inclusion of his name in the long list of people invited by André Breton and Louis Aragon in February 1929 to respond to their questionnaire on collective political action, yet neglects to point out that this invitation was also extended to many who were not professing Surrealists. Such biased treatment of published sources does not inspire confidence in her use of those sources to which the reader has no access.



"Still life with pipe and cards", from 1918, by Gino Severino, which goes on sale at Christie's Rome Gallery as part of their sale of "arte moderna e contemporanea" on May 8.

A surfeit of fantasy

Philip Conisbee

PIERRE-LOUIS MATHIEU
Gustave Moreau: The watercolours
120pp, New York: Hudson Hills Press. \$75.
093920318

Pierre-Louis Mathieu is the author of the standard monograph on Gustave Moreau and of the catalogue of the considerable holdings of the artist's drawings in the Musée Gustave Moreau in Paris. The book under review is lavishly produced, with hand-tipped plates. The quality of the colour illustrations is excellent, but the fourteen in black-and-white are mostly poor and dingy.

Moreau's colour is often remarkable, in places presumably due to new and vivid synthetic pigments, and he is well worth lingering over as a watercolourist. By the end of the 1880s he had developed the medium in an exciting and original way - free, dramatic, expressionistic, almost as if (from the point of view of handling and "expression") he had taken the late Constable watercolours as a point of departure. As times the medium is as if dragged across and on to the surface of the heavy paper; then bursts of saturated colour spit and spatter from the recesses of a dramatically contrasted chiaroscuro. In the late nearly abstracted rhythm of the brush, now calligraphic, now painterly in its sweep. Here there are passages of a real and powerful visual splendour.

Some of the earlier, more finished and studied sheets are by comparison merely illustrative: as often as not they were replicas of Moreau's larger oils, intended to furnish his memoria/museum with souvenirs of commissions that had gone elsewhere. The "finished" versions of his more portentous mythological and invented subjects lack conviction because they are too literal, rendered as they are with the finicky and overwrought mannerisms of his limp late neo-classical draftsmanship, and a watercolour finish that approaches that of the more meticulous oils. Mathieu cites the words of Degas, but I think misses the characteristic irony: "He hangs watchchains on the Gods of Olympus". But when Moreau lets the medium flow one is released into a much more convincing realm of fantasy where one's own imagination can be brought into play.

A problem with the finished and less abstract works is that Moreau's phantasmagorical figures are not really believable. He relied too heavily on the eclectic study of other artists' work, from an extraordinary range of periods and cultures; his fantasies are not sufficiently based on observation. There is a surfeit of fancy, too little imagination, and the spectator must suspend too much disbelief to accept such

extravagant acts of poetic faith. For all his talk of "enchanted horizons", of "dreams" and "the intangible", Moreau's exotic idealism, vague and "poetic", is fundamentally empty. He was responsive to, say, the idealism of the Michelangelo of the Ganyমেদ drawings; but in place of Michelangelo's highly spiritualized and religious ends, inspired by genuine intellectual and sensual passion, the nineteenth-century artist indulged rather in an ambiguous and androgynous "repeated spiritual onanism", to quote J.-K. Huysmans (whom Mathieu appears to cite with approval).

Mathieu, perhaps taking a cue from the object of his study, is frequently maddeningly imprecise: how can the sketchy watercolour of "The Peri" here reproduced be admired for the exquisite detail and rich colouring of an oriental miniature? A suggestive but vague and hypothetical connection between the late "abstract" works and the abstracts of Kandinsky becomes, a moment later, "thus a clear line can be drawn... between the two artists; and some distinction must be made when linking the name of Moreau with that of J. M. W. Turner as students of nature: Moreau shared a common French Romantic perception of Turner the visionary, rather than Turner the penetrating observer. Moreau was hardly inspired by nature, and the attractive watercolour landscapes of his early Italian trip are merely conventional for their time. It was not scientific curiosity that drew him to make copies from the plates of Philip Henry Gosse's *Achthologia Britannica* (to be found among the remarkable collections of the Musée Gustave Moreau), but the strange and wonderful colours of seashore fauna and their fanciful juxtapositions in Gosse's illustrations.

Mathieu generally and correctly stresses the fantastic and inventive elements in Moreau's artistic vision, and one sympathizes with his admiring reaction to a painting by Turner, seen in the company of Edmond de Goncourt in 1891. It was apparently a Venetian view of the Salute and the Doge's Palace, and no doubt Moreau would have concurred with Goncourt's unfailingly brilliant characterization of it as "the work of a Rémbrandt born in India". As it happens, Moreau and Turner shared the Romantic passion for Rembrandt, and in Moreau's case especially for the great, sombre "Bathsheba" in the Louvre. The figure apart (and what a perceptive teacher Moreau was, to send the young Rouault to her), it would have been "the mystic hell... that veil of magic colour" that enthralled Moreau, as it had Turner, before him.

Chagall by Werner Haftman, translated by Heinrich Baumann and Alexis Brown (128pp, £12.95, 0 500 08022 4), and *Gauguin* by Robert Goldwater (127pp, £12.95, 0 500 08024 0), each containing 40 colour plates, have recently been republished by Thames and Hudson.

Those who can, teach

Arthur Jacobs

CYRIL EHRLICH
The Music Profession in Britain since the Eighteenth Century: A social history
269pp, Oxford: Clarendon Press. £22.50.
0198226659

"No one meeting him would have guessed he was a professional musician. He looked like a cultivated gentleman." The words are those of a biographer of the American composer Horatio Parker (1863-1919), and are aptly quoted in *The Music Profession in Britain since the Eighteenth Century* by the Professor of Economic and Social History at Queen's University, Belfast, Cyril Ehrlich. The changing occupations and status of the instrumental performer are the objects of his study. It begins a little before the 1790s - the decade, when Haydn twice visited London as the most celebrated of European composers and was "gratified to receive a guinea for a lesson"; it ends, not quite sure-footedly, with a quotation from a careers guide of 1984.

From census returns, directories and documents such as the report on musical training

carried out in 1865 by the Royal Society of Arts, Ehrlich is able to present significant statistical evidence. But the book he has written is a readable combination of narrative and analysis, generalization and case-study. Such is the pioneering nature of his presentation that he can rarely fall back on the learned papers or doctoral theses of others. He has had to quarry widely from archives and from general texts of social, economic and musical history, though his bibliography strangely omits Adam Carse's *The Orchestra from Beethoven to Berlioz* (1948), with its remarkable investigations of orchestral membership.

Orchestral work, however, and public performance in general provide only one source of the musician's remuneration. The other principal one is teaching. The contrast is observed between the typical musician of Haydn's or Haydn's period - who would play on one or probably more orchestral instruments, and perhaps officiate on Sunday at the organ, might sing, arrange music and compose, and who would be engaged to give lessons because of these public and practical abilities - and the nineteenth-century teacher of piano and "rudiments", sustained only by certificates (sometimes meaningful, sometimes worthless) and a

Choices in an unreal world

Barry Stroud

J. L. MACKIE
Selected Papers
Edited by Joan Mackie and Penelope Mackie
Volume One: Logic and Knowledge. 248pp.
Volume Two: Persons and Values. 256pp.
Oxford: Clarendon Press. £22.50 each.
0 19 823679 X and 0 19 824678 1

J. L. Mackie died in 1981 aged sixty-four. In the last eight years of his life he published five books and finished a sixth, which appeared posthumously. These six books covered an impressively wide range in philosophy: conditionals and probability, causality, the philosophy of Locke, ethics without objective values, Hume's moral theory, and what Mackie called the miracle of theism. Now we have two volumes of papers, most of which come from that same highly productive period. Mackie had drawn up a selection with two such volumes in mind, and his editors, Joan Mackie and Penelope Mackie, have added ten more essays to his original list. About one-fifth of what is here has not been published before. Some of these collected papers overlap one or another of his books, but many do not. They range from discussions of certainty, proof, ideology, intentionality, the mind-body problem, the self, space and time, anti-realism, meaning, aesthetics, and evolution, to the questions about morality in general and utilitarianism in particular that take up most of the second volume. That was the area Mackie was working on at the time of his death. There is apparently more unpublished material to appear later in a book about justice and rights.

What comes through strongly when the essays are surveyed together is Mackie's singularity and independence of mind. He seems, at least in his later years, to have been immune to philosophical fashion or, more likely, to have set himself against it. He takes each issue or doctrine as it comes, distinguishes among the various reasons on one side or the other, and then assesses the arguments individually on their merits, supplementing or rejecting them as he sees fit. This patient divide-and-conquer strategy is applied in these pages to the views of many contemporary philosophers, often with the unsurprising verdict that their conclusions are not fully supported or are open to several different interpretations. Recently or currently influential doctrines of Ayer, Popper, Dummett, Anscombe, Strawson, Hart, Warnock, Dworkin, Hare, and others are given this treatment. Getting what you take to be an undistorted view of the emperor's new clothes offers special satisfaction in a subject as fashion-bound as philosophy has become.

Mackie's own positive views are also on the whole independent of recently prevailing trends. He shows again and again that he found no reason to abandon what to him must have seemed like nothing more than the enlightened common sense of a fairly familiar variety of "empiricism". All knowledge ultimately rests on perception. There are no ineliminable items of empirical knowledge, but perception does involve "pictures" before the mind which either do or do not resemble the external things they are pictures of. There is therefore a perfectly meaningful question whether the world really matches up to the pictures we have of it, and the answer is "Yes, it does", at least with respect to the sizes, shapes, motions and other properties of those things mentioned in physics. We know that answer is correct because it provides the best explanation of the experiences we undoubtedly have. In gaining knowledge of the world we do reason inductively, and in doing so we implicitly rely on a general principle of the uniformity of nature. But contrary to familiar sceptical arguments, which are in any case fallacious, we actually have good inductive reasons for accepting that principle as well as the more specific conclusions it can be used to support.

The world that really exists around us, on Mackie's view, is a pretty austere place. In *Problems From Locke* he got it down to nothing more than the objects and relations mentioned in physics. Causality does hold among them, but causality is in fact nothing more than the regularity with which one sort of thing follows another. Our idea of causality might involve more; but that is all there is in

reality. In one of the latest papers here Mackie even defends absolute space and time as true of that real world. He distinguishes among fourteen different absolute theories and argues for about nine of them, including the thesis that there is such a thing as absolute rest and therefore absolute position. That sounds like "The emperor is naked" applied to all of twentieth-century physics as well, and Mackie does little to dispel that impression. He concedes that his philosophical absolutism would make no difference to physics "as an applied theory", but he does insist that it should matter "to someone who is interested in the truth, in the question about what is the case".

This is not really a suggestion that physicists are not interested in the truth about the world. Rather it is part of Mackie's staunch defence of the objectivity of truth against the idea that only something we could discover or somehow verify could even possibly be true. He thought there really was such a thing as absolute rest, but he also thought we could never identify it. He saw no contradiction between the two. This is but one instance of the quite general rejection of verificationism that was at the heart of his understanding, not only of meaning, but of philosophy itself.

Mackie never subscribed to the idea that philosophy is the analysis of language. There are here a few early papers in which he criticizes linguistic philosophy for its conservatism or conformism in refusing to go beyond facts about what we say and mean. He did not abandon the point as linguistic philosophy became more sophisticated. He thought there were three kinds of analysis – conceptual, epistemic and factual. Only conceptual analysis is concerned with meaning, with what our concepts actually are and what we mean or imply when we use them as we do. Epistemic analysis asks to what extent we can know the truth or falsity of those things we say and mean and understand. Verificationism would not distinguish between the two different tasks. Mackie insisted that they are different, but he insisted even more strongly that "factual" analysis is also essential to philosophy. It is what gives philosophy a connection with reality. It asks what actually exists or goes on in the objective world in those cases in which we think a certain concept applies. Some concepts might have little or no basis in reality, so knowing what we mean and applying the concepts appropriately in the way our practices require does not imply that reality is in fact the way we thereby see and believe it to be. Much of Mackie's criticism of other philosophers takes this form. In this view of philosophy I think he shows most clearly the influence of his teacher in Sydney, John Anderson, about whom there are two memorial essays republished here.

Factual analysis is what makes room for Mackie's well-known "error" theory, according to which there is a startling discrepancy between most of what we say and think and feel about the world and what there really is. There, really is matter, and physics alone describes it and accounts for its behaviour. But physics says nothing of colours and sounds, for example, so with physics as the standard there are no colours or sounds in reality. On that same standard there are no feelings or wishes or hopes in reality either, no thoughts or beliefs or theories, no minds, no moral values, not even any people. But their unreality does not mean we should take no further interest in such things. The philosophical task is to understand them by somehow connecting them with what is real. There is no hope, for Mackie, of explaining the very meaning of our talk of colours or feelings or minds or persons in purely "factual" terms. If we could, that would show that those things are all part of reality after all. But that kind of analysis fails. What we mean is not necessarily the same as what is real; the one cannot be reduced to the other. The difference between factual and conceptual analysis goes hand in hand with the "error" theory.

This makes Mackie's wide range in philosophy even more remarkable. Almost everything he philosophizes about is something that on his own view is not part of reality. Here he shares the way ideologies affect our thinking about society. He acknowledges that cultural ideas like theories, languages, or systems of law persist, grow and decay, and that they have observable effects. He finds significance in the idea of multiple personality and in the thought

of a pure Cartesian ego. But there are no such things in reality. He worries about mind, speculating in one essay that perhaps mental features are somehow inseparably linked by causal relations to certain physical processes in brains. That would ensure their reality by connecting them with "the fundamental laws of working of the natural world". But in another essay he finds no way to explain how intentionality, which he takes to be a mark of the mental, could be a feature of any physical system. Even if we could analyse the meaning or structure of the language in which beliefs and other intentional states are expressed, we would still need to know what reality underlies it. And for Mackie irreducible intentionality would be fatal to physicalism.

The starkest and most revealing application of Mackie's conception of philosophy is to be found in his moral philosophy. Whenever we say that something is good or bad, or ought or ought not to be done, we are saying something that is not true. There is simply nothing in reality that could even possibly correspond to what we say and mean. Let a linguistic philosopher analyse thoroughly the meanings of our moral words and exhibit correctly all their implications, he still cannot avoid the conclusion that they all serve to express nothing more than an elaborate illusion – a systematic error we all fall into making an evaluative verdict. That is what Mackie's denial of the objectivity of values amounts to. Factual analysis reveals that there are no such things in reality.

These metaphysical shortcomings of morality might seem less disturbing when we remember all the other things reality lacks on Mackie's view. And they make no difference to our practical judgments or our moral behaviour either. Any question of value for Mackie involves choice or endorsement, not discovery of moral truths. But we can argue just as strenuously and forcefully for a certain recommen-

Doing without caring

Troels Engberg-Pedersen

BRAD INWOOD
Ethics and Human Action in Early Stoicism
348pp. Oxford University Press. £25.
0 19 824739 7

Stoic ethics has had a peculiar history. It had a considerable influence on Jewish and Christian theology in the first centuries AD (from Philo to Boethius) in spite of being constantly attacked for its apparent materialism, was largely neglected in the Middle Ages, but underwent a revival of interest during the Renaissance which reached its peak during the Enlightenment. Thus Kant should be seen as reviving central Stoic concerns in ethics (through Cicero, whom he studied closely), most importantly the project of founding morality on an analysis of practical reason.

The importance of Stoic ethics is not generally acknowledged. To take one example only, when in his recent book on *Ethics and the Limits of Philosophy* Bernard Williams singles out Aristotle and Kant for particularly careful critical but also sympathetic discussion, he is in fact resuscitating the two most developed ethical theories bequeathed to us from antiquity (Aristotle and the Stoics) – though Williams himself does not note this.

The reason for this lack of acknowledgement is not difficult to find. The textual evidence for Stoic ethics in its original form is very poor, consisting as it does mainly of fragments scattered in the works of later authors, many of whom were hostile to the Stoics and quoted them only to ridicule them. The result is that many central tenets in Stoic ethics continue to baffle even specialists.

Thus, there is no general agreement on how to understand, in the Stoic ideal of a human being (the sage), the relation between his concern about, and indifference towards, external goods like health, wealth etc. On the one hand, Stoic happiness seems to imply total indifference to such goods, on the other it seems actually to consist in not directed precisely towards procuring them for oneself. Again, there is the thorny question of how to reconcile the Stoics' uncompromising stance on the

dation or proposal as we can for a moment of fact. That is what Mackie does in most of the *Ethics: Inventing right and wrong* and in many of these papers. He does not just analyse moral language or explain the nature of morality, he tries to develop in general terms a workable set of ideas that will do best what we want a moral system to do.

Several papers here form part of Mackie's increasing support for a "right-based" moral theory against its "goal-based" and "duty-based" rivals. Some of his allies in that dispute, especially Ronald Dworkin, come in for their share of criticism. Mackie seemed to find it hard to disagree with in the work of Derek Parfit, who is on the other side, but not surprisingly there are extensive criticisms of the logically derived utilitarianism of R. M. Hare. Some more speculative papers explore sympathetically an evolutionary or broadly sociobiological account of the development of morality, drawing on ideas as diverse as those of Edward Westermarck and Richard Dawkins. If something like Mackie's metaphysical views are correct that is presumably the best place to look for some facts of reality to which our complex moral and social arrangements could be intelligibly connected.

It is good to have these two volumes. They combine serious, tough-minded hard work with a variety of subject-matter, probably as great as that of anyone writing philosophy in English today. The effects the individual essays continue to have is heightened by their juxtaposition and by their being more obviously the expression of a single powerful conception of philosophy. They present issues squarely and never waver in their conviction that somewhere there are right answers to be found. And in their patient acknowledgement that the answers are not likely to be simple or easy come by they remind us that haste, obscurity and evasiveness are not endemic to philosophy at its best.

question of physical (and hence, they seem to imply, also mental) determinism with their strong emphasis on human responsibility, or even freedom. Finally, there is the question how to understand their apparently extreme monistic (in fact "intellectualist") account of mental capacities like perception and desire so many manifestations of a single capacity (that of reason) with their sustained attempt to explain apparent cases of mental conflict.

It is understandable, then, that Stoic ethics remains, in the general consciousness, in the shadow of its immediate predecessor, Aristotle. *Ethics and Human Action in Early Stoicism* should help to change this. Brad Inwood has set himself the task of reconstructing the Stoic psychology of action (Part One) and of the ethical consequences of the questions raised by Stoic ethics (Part Two). He is exceedingly well equipped for the task. He has a sure grasp of the scattered textual material, he is admirably versed in modern scholarship and at home in modern work on relevant topics in the philosophy of mind and action. The book is a thorough and comprehensive treatment of its subject, and there is no doubt that it will be required reading for anyone working in the area. It is also rather heavy going, however, and I doubt whether philosophers – and other potential readers – who do not already look favourably on ancient philosophy will have the necessary patience to struggle through Prolegomena to the wood's often very intricate discussions of the disconnected textual material.

I am not convinced that the book makes a genuine advance in the understanding of Stoic ethics. Where Inwood has most to add to previous knowledge is in his analysis of what the Stoics might call the substructure of action. Here, in the vicarious psychology of action, he is at his best. He is particularly good on the ontological status of "faculties", the relationship of "presentations", "impulses", "assents" and reason, and the Stoic analysis of passion. Inwood is at his most original and informative. When he turns to the ethical problems, by contrast, his solutions seem traditional – as he acknowledges. The book remains a major contribution, but it is the break-through in the interpretation of Stoic ethics that is long overdue.

Expectations of reform

David Levering Lewis

GILBERT WARE
William Hastie: Grace under pressure
355pp. Oxford University Press. £28.50.
0 19 30298 5

William Henry Hastie caused a "modest sensation" in early January, 1943, by resigning from his increasingly impotent position as spokesman for Afro-American interests in the US War Department, then the most institutionally powerful of federal bureaucracies. His appointment in 1940 as special civilian assistant on Negro Affairs had been dictated by election-year politics. Charles Hamilton Houston, Hastie's second cousin, mentor, and, arguably, the most innovative among civil rights lawyers of his generation, had given President Roosevelt's Secretary of War an impatient notice three years earlier: "The Negro population will not silently suffer the discrimination and abuse which were heaped upon Negro soldiers and officers in World War I." Such warnings now threatened to fulfil themselves at the polls, as many Afro-American voters began to defect from Roosevelt to Wendell Wilkie, the increasingly popular Republican candidate. Already aggrieved by exclusion from defence industry jobs, these voters were infuriated by White House approval of mobilization plans for a completely segregated Army, Army Air Corps and Navy (the Marines intended to maintain their tradition of total black exclusion).

On the day of Hastie's War Department appointment, the Army's ranking Afro-American colonel, Benjamin O. Davis, Sr, became the first brigadier of his race. The combative Pittsburgh *Courier*, the leading Afro-American newspaper, while not dismissing the importance of the appointments, nevertheless predicted that neither man would be able to stem the deeply entrenched policies of military apartheid. But if ability and diplomacy could have made a difference, Hastie was

uniquely qualified for the challenge. Part of that minuscule cohort which W. E. B. Du Bois dubbed the Talented Tenth, Hastie (1904-76) (like his inspirational Washington, DC relative, "Charlie" Houston) had earned the admiration of the Harvard Law School's exigent Felix Frankfurter, and become, after Houston, the second of his race to write for the *Harvard Law Review* (1930). They were both nurtured in a secure Afro-American upper-class environment where being black was never conceded to mean being disadvantaged, only slightly different. Both men expected that their 'lives' achievements would result in significant social change.

Houston, nine years Hastie's senior, had restructured Howard University Law School during the early 1930s, introducing the first course in civil rights law in the United States. Hastie began work for the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (NAACP) even before he had finished his Harvard doctorate in jurisprudence. Houston, who would leave Howard to become the NAACP's second salaried legal counsel in 1935, had already begun to perfect a grand plan to dismantle segregation by challenging through the courts graduate and professional schools restricted to whites. The 1933 case of *Hocutt v Wilson* involved the first suit by a black person to enter a "white" professional school in the South, the school of pharmacy at Chapel Hill. Hastie and the NAACP lost the case on a technicality, but the courtroom drama matching Hastie, *Harvard Law Review* incarnate, and the state Attorney General, whose manner and brief were purest Dogpatch, was widely reported in the press and seen as something of a moral victory for the cause of civil rights. Returning to his position in the Department of the Interior, Hastie assisted Robert Weaver, another in the tiny Afro-American cohort, in working out racial quotas for New Deal alphabet agencies – the federal government's first "affirmative action" experiment – and, in 1937, was appointed by the President as judge

of the federal district court of the territory of the Virgin Islands. The irony that Roosevelt chose him, a second-class American (the American Bar Association was to reject his membership application two years later), to occupy a position for which trained Virgin Islanders were deemed unsuited was not lost on Hastie.

In Gilbert Ware's monograph, something of the subject's principled approach to public service comes through, despite the author's bafflingly disjointed account of the period: Hastie's avuncular umpiring of the Islands' carnivorous political factions; efforts to mediate the racist policies of the Civilian Conservation Corps; well-advised absence from a round of parties for the officers and men of a Nazi warship; abrogation of the Islands' colour code.

Little wonder that during his period at the War Department, war secretaries Henry L. Stimson and Robert Patterson found Hastie so increasingly independent and critical that the note, "Not to be shown to Judge Hastie", soon appeared on racially sensitive departmental memoranda. Vigilantly opposed to segregated Army Officer training facilities, to a segregated Air Corps, and to the wholesale conversion of Afro-American combat units to service functions, Hastie resigned when these policies hardened. Even though his Afro-American War Department successors were far more

ready to appease traditional and segregationist forces, Hastie's resignation coincided with, and to some extent caused, the beginning of the end of US military apartheid.

Back at Howard Law School as Dean, Hastie worked with Thurgood Marshall to win *Smith v Allwright* (1944) and *Morgan v Virginia* (1946), which were important Supreme Court cases affecting southern voting rights and interstate travel. Ware's chronology is much clearer at this point, his narrative less bedevilled by infelicitous syntax and irrelevant anecdotes – all of which seriously mar the first third of his book. Hastie's return to the Virgin Islands as governor (another racial first) and his robust campaigning for Truman in the 1948 cliffhanger election provide both forgotten and new information (for example, White House counsellor Clark Clifford's memorandum on neutralizing the third-party candidate, Henry Wallace, by special concessions to Afro-Americans) in a work that is as well researched as its text is unsatisfactory. Because of his earlier moderation on the subject of Communist Party involvement in civil rights (treated here all too briefly), Hastie endured months of senatorial red-baiting. But, in July 1950, his nomination, by President Truman, to the United States Court of Appeals for the Third Circuit was confirmed. Astonishingly, Ware's book ends here, although Hastie's tenure as federal judge was to run for some twenty years.

Another American dream

Barbara Goodwin

HOWARD P. SEGAL
Technological Utopianism in American Culture
301pp. Chicago University Press. \$30 (paperback, \$14.95).
0 226 74436 1

Every utopian dreams of a physically sanitized society cleansed of dirt, disease, corruption and waste, where happy, well-adjusted citizens go about their business in an orderly fashion. To this end, early utopians planned perfect environments, as Helen Rosenau has shown in *The Ideal City*; later utopians invoked the panacea of technology. Howard P. Segal draws a composite picture of this latter ideal from the work of twenty-five "technological utopians" in the period 1883 to 1933 who believed technical progress to be good in itself. These writers, apart from Edward Bellamy (whose controversial *Looking Backward* of 1883 portrayed an authoritarian, state-capitalist America in ap 2000) are already forgotten. All consider the mastery of nature as the fulfilment of human destiny. They imagine "industrialized gardens", rural megalopolises linked by superb transport systems. Work, the primary activity of utopian citizens, is transformed super-efficiently; domestic life is transformed by gadgets. The system is run by technocrats, and ideological disagreements are unknown.

Late nineteenth-century moral philosophers preferred an organic model of society to the earlier mechanistic one. Segal shows how the technological utopians followed this intellectual fashion, depicting industrial society in which differentiation and spontaneity, rather than uniformity, flourished. The organic model, by implication, foreshadows a society where the division of labour promotes self-fulfilment, rather than the soulless life of industrial clones depicted in *Brave New World*, though it is questionable whether such a society, based inevitably on the minute division of labour and simplification of tasks, could realize this without super-automation enabling people to devote themselves to leisure and play. Indeed, American life today may partly realize the utopians' dreams, but work takes up much of the average American's day, and play is an alien concept – leisure is taken seriously.

Segal invokes the newly popular notion of a "technological plateau", which occurs when a society, which has achieved a certain technological level refuses further innovation. Heliocentrism defied such plateaus in the Middle Ages, and also in Japan, during its long eschewal of the use of gunpowder. Many European utopians, including the early socialists and Marx, advocated such a plateau, in effect. By contrast, most American utopians had boundless

confidence in technological progress. The utopian proponents of a technological plateau usually presuppose that abundance has been achieved. The problem today is that with escalating wants, we can have no idea of what abundance is, or of when it has been achieved. Unequal distribution causes further problems. An alternative strategy has been proposed by European utopians in the "ascetic utopia" which takes scarcity of resources into consideration. In such a utopia, limited consumption guarantees a comfortable but modest standard of living, and further technological progress is foregone. "Ascetic utopias" such as those of More, Morley and even Rousseau, have been criticized for being static, doubtless because they challenge the dominant ideology of progress. But perhaps the only hope for the future lies in stasis, in a zero-growth equilibrium of depletion and replenishment of resources. Unfortunately, modern society, particularly under capitalism, generates new "needs" as part of its inevitable expansion, as Marx perceived, and the chances of self-restraint, however desirable, are slim, especially where those needs are military. The link between technology and capitalism is strong, but Segal, significantly, does not discuss it.

Since most of the utopians' prophecies not only came true but have been superseded, their technological fantasies are themselves uninteresting, a problem which Segal is unable to overcome. But their faith in technology as an end in itself is of interest, and Segal uses this faith as a peg on which to hang his disparate essays on the (often undocumented) lives of the utopians, on their European predecessors, and on American attitudes to technology. He shows how utopian proposals were echoed in movements such as "Taylorism", the crusade for scientific management, and in the vague but popular doctrine of Technocracy. However he does not address several important questions. Why did Americans embrace technology as utopia, while many Europeans held to the pessimistic vision of H. G. Wells? And why were most European utopian socialists, while American utopians were "reformed capitalists"?

It is possible that the vision of America as utopia was inherited unquestioningly from the early settlers, and that the need to subdue nature and resolve the problems of production and communication was more exigent in the vast wilderness of the United States. Technology and capitalism were seen as inseparable, and both formed part of the American dream. Segal ascribes the utopian conservatism and technological optimism of Americans to "cultural complacency", but does not analyse the underlying cultural impetus. It is, in fact, not clear whether he intends his book to be about utopianism or the cult of technology.

New conquests, new Churches

P. J. Marshall

STEPHEN NEILL
A History of Christianity in India 1707-1858
578pp. Cambridge University Press. £45.
0 521 30376 1

A History of Christianity in India 1707-1858 is the second instalment of what was intended to be a three-volume survey. Unhappily, that undertaking will not be completed. This volume has appeared posthumously, following Stephen Neill's death in the summer of 1984. The loss of the last volume, which would have dealt with Bishop Neill's own lifetime, is particularly sad. The early part of Neill's working life was spent in India as a missionary and as a bishop. He had a significant role in some of the events that he would have described. His personal insights have, however, illuminated what he wrote about the past in ways that have enriched this volume, which abundantly illustrates other qualities that fitted him so well for the task he had set himself. He was a formidable linguist, not only in Tamil, but in the languages of the very diverse groups of European Christians who went to India. Above all, in writing about India, Neill was a most attractive mixture, of a scholar trying to maintain a rigorous academic detachment and an individual with a deeply held point of view.

That point of view, clear in the first two volumes and due no doubt to have emerged even more powerfully in the third, was an insistence on the essential Indianness of Indian Christianity. Although historically it may have owed much to foreign influences, Christianity is not an alien or exotic plant in Indian soil. "Christianity was in no sense a European religion - it had been in India a great deal longer than Islam, and was Asian in its origins." In *A History of Christianity in India: The beginnings to AD 1707* (reviewed in the TLS, May 4, 1984) Neill described how Portuguese missionary endeavour had spread Christianity beyond the bounds of the ancient communities who believed their Church had been founded by the apostle Thomas. But Portuguese power was always limited and, outside Goa, Christian groups developed autonomous lives of their own as they adapted to varying local conditions.

The theme of an autonomous growth of Indian Christianity would seem at first sight rather more difficult to sustain for the period of this second volume. A much more pervasive and less ephemeral foreign intrusion took place. British conquest began in the mid-eighteenth century and was virtually complete a hundred years later. The creation of the British empire in India coincided with a great revival of European Christian missionary zeal, affecting German Lutherans early in the eighteenth century, spreading to British Protestants of most denominations by the end of

the century, involving American Protestants and, by the 1830s, European Catholics. Once the new British regime had (in 1833) ended the restrictions it had imposed on European residence in India, it provided missionaries of all sorts with a framework within which they could operate with almost complete freedom. Even Catholics found few obstacles. As a result, what Neill calls a missionary "occupation" had covered much of India by the time this volume stops in 1858. In an appendix Neill lists over 150 mission stations set up by Protestants by then.

For all the effort expended, as Neill readily concedes, the Indian response in terms of church membership, however that is defined, had been generally disappointing by the middle of the nineteenth century. The Catholics had not as yet developed their new missionary offensives to add very significantly to the three-quarters of a million Catholics thought to be in India by the end of the eighteenth century. The Protestants, whose impact was much more recent, could only claim 90,000 church members by 1851, although they were beginning to make contact with the "tribal" peoples, who were later to prove a rich source of recruits.

Recruitment on so limited a scale might suggest that an alien occupation force had done little more than incorporate a few camp-followers. This is not, however, a conclusion that Neill is prepared to accept, even if it is what most missionaries probably intended. Neill is critical of what he calls the "colonial mentality" of both the Catholics and the Protestants, British or non-British alike. They

tried to maintain a tight control from Europe and were very reluctant to promote Indian clergy. Henry Venn's principles that churches overseas should be self-sufficient and self-supporting were rarely put into effect. Only the Thomas Christians evaded the well-intentioned, if stifling, embrace, in this case from the Church of England. Yet for all this, Neill still insists that the missionaries were unwittingly sowing the seeds of new Indian Churches which were to grow in their own way.

Those Indians who adhered to Christianity did so, Neill believes, for reasons that had little directly to do with the colonial context in which it was presented. He describes two patterns of adherence: "community" movements of peoples of low caste standing, and individual conversions among the high castes. The establishment of Christianity in the sixteenth century among the Paravars of the Fisher Coast was one of the major episodes of Neill's first volume; its emergence among another southern people, the Shanars or Nadars of Travancore and Tinnevely, is central to this one. It was the first of a new wave of community conversions. The penetration of British power into the far south by the beginning of the nineteenth century and the desire of a low-caste group to improve their status seem to provide the setting. German Lutherans supported by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge and their Indian assistants were the agents through whom the Nadars made their choice for Christianity. Neill argues that the much-publicized conversions of well-to-do young men, often Brahmins, in cities like Calcutta, Madras or

Bombay, were equally acts of autonomous choice. He believes that Church of Scotland missionaries of high calibre, such as Alexander Duff and John Wilson, put the case for Christianity on to an altogether higher intellectual plane. "The Scots succeeded because what they offered was so much better than what was being offered by others." Young Indians who yielded to them did so, in Neill's view, out of intellectual conviction.

If Christianity was to sink deep roots in nineteenth-century India, the attitude of the state was probably as important as the attitude of the "parent" Churches. The Churches may have tried to keep control; for the most part the state did not. The East India Company was not a Christian state, much as some Christians might hope that it would. Neill indeed takes the view that the Company had, in any case, to be pushed into correcting a bias against Christianity by giving up its guardianship of Hindu temples and by conceding certain civil rights to Christians, such as the right of converts to retain property. Whatever the legal position, Neill accepts that the majority of the East India Company's subjects might not find the religious neutrality of government as important as the Churches were in their able to disentangle themselves from the colonial régime, and as the Raj fell away, to take their place in an independent India. That this could be so is also the achievement of Neill's Stephen Neill.

Conflict of creeds

Darrell Bates

PHILIP CARAMAN
The Lost Empire: The story of the Jesuits in Ethiopia 1555-1634
176pp. Sidgwick and Jackson. £13.95.
0 283 99254 9

The Lost Empire is a scholarly account of the unsuccessful attempts of the Jesuits to establish themselves in Ethiopia in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. It will also appeal to everyone who is interested in present-day Ethiopia and to those who are confused about the underlying causes of its recent disasters. Philip Caraman is a Jesuit writing about Jesuits, but he is detached in his judgments and critical in his appraisals, and many of his observations relate as much to the present as to the past.

There have been Christians in Ethiopia since the fourth century, but they have subsequently

felt threatened by the Muslims as well as the alien tribesmen encircling them. Their rulers periodically sought help from other Christian nations, notably from the Orthodox Russians, the Catholic powers of Western Europe and the Protestant British. The first to respond to these advances were the Portuguese, who early in the sixteenth century had established relations with China, Japan and central Asia from their bases in India and already had their eyes on the legendary lands of Prester John. Their objects were partly political and commercial, but they knew from experience that the flag sometimes followed the Cross. The Jesuits were well equipped in zeal and zeal to take the lead in such ventures, and they certainly needed these qualities to overcome the difficulties and dangers of reaching Ethiopia, once the Turks had gained control of Egypt and the Red Sea.

The various Portuguese missions which were sent to Ethiopia in the course of the sixteenth century had provided its rulers with much of

the military and technical aid that they wanted, but little was left to show for their pains. In often as not they found that aid given for fighting the infidel and promoting the Catholic cause was being used against family rivals and other domestic enemies. It was not until Pedro Paez reached Ethiopia in 1603 that the Jesuits began to make real headway. This was due perhaps as much to Paez's persuasive personality as to the appeal of his Jesuitical piety and practices. He went to considerable lengths to adapt these to the long-established and often bewildering mixture of Judaic and early Christian rituals and beliefs of the ancient monotheistic Ethiopian Church. He succeeded in establishing close relations with the Emperor Susenyos and finally persuaded him to accept the Catholic faith and to transfer his allegiance from the moribund Coptic See of Alexandria to the Pope in Rome, who, Susenyos had been assured, could also call on the wealth and might of the King of Spain should the need arise.

When Paez died, soon after Susenyos's conversion, he was succeeded by a man of very different character. Alfonso Mendes was a meticulous Jesuit of inflexible views who made the fatal mistake of alienating the local people and the people by trying to suppress many of the indigenous usages which Paez had tolerated - much respected customs such as male and female circumcision and observance of numerous local feasts and saints' days which did not appear in the Catholic calendar. In this and other ways Mendes confronted the question of missionary activity in the empire for 20 years. Father Caraman's carefully researched and well-written book is based on material in the Jesuit archives in Rome, and provides a welcome companion to Donald Crumrine's study of the missions in Ethiopia in the nineteenth century, *Priests and Politics* (1973). They both show how strongly the people of Ethiopia were attached to the distinctive creeds and customs of their ancient Church, and believed that theirs were better in every way than those of the missionaries sought to introduce. They also suspected that missionary activities could be used to take root, to be the precursor of less spiritual encroachments. While they welcomed the missionaries for the material and technical expertise that were offered at the time, they were careful to be rid of Europeans before it was too late.

Boom years in education

Claire Cross

MARIA DOWLING
Humanism in the Age of Henry VIII
280pp. Croom Helm. £25.
0 709 08644 4

For a brief moment on the accession of Henry VIII in 1509, English humanists actually believed that the world lay at their feet. "Heaven smiles, earth rejoices; all is milk and honey and nectar", Mountjoy wrote to Erasmus.

Right-mindedness is well and truly banished. Generosity, wealth with unstinting hand. Our king's heart is set not upon gold or jewels or mines of ore, but upon virtue, reputation, and eternal renown. Here is a mere sample: a few days ago, when he said that he longed to be a more accomplished scholar, I remarked, "we do not expect this of you; what we do expect is that you should foster and encourage those who are scholars." "Of course," he replied, "for without them we could scarcely exist."

It is so publicly espousing the new learning the young king seemed about to open access to power to what had previously been a beleaguered band of educational pioneers. The importance of this, albeit partial, capture of court patronage for the advancement of humanism in Henrician England forms the theme of this attractively written book.

With Henry VIII at the apex of the patronage pyramid and the humanists at the bottom, courtiers such as Mountjoy, Sir Anthony Denny and the royal physician, Dr Butts, played a vital role as intermediaries in bringing promising scholars to the attention of the king. The young men recruited to serve the State did not necessarily go on to advocate religious change, as More himself signally did not, but it is undoubtedly true that at the time of the divorce Henry found valuable support for his

repudiation of Catherine from university intellectuals like Crammer, who had progressed from reading Erasmus's *Novum Testamentum* to showing a cautious interest in Luther's writings. Ironically, Catherine fell a victim to the very movement she had sponsored, for, aside from the alliance between the king's grandmother, the Lady Margaret Beaufort, and John Fisher, which resulted in the foundation of two Cambridge colleges, the Spanish queen had been the first major female patron of humanists at court. By her insistence upon a humanist education for her only surviving child, Princess Mary, she made such an upbringing respectable, indeed fashionable, for a sprinkling of well-born girls as well as for boys. Catherine had moved in humanist circles in Spain and her employment of the Spanish scholar, Vives, re-

quires little explanation. Less predictable was her successor's penchant for humanists and evangelicals. Although she had spent her most impressionable years in the environs of the French court, Anne Boleyn had no claims to the classical erudition displayed by More's learned daughters: she nevertheless exercised considerable influence in the promotion of humanists so long as she retained the king's affections.

Maria Dowling sees the contribution of the last of the wives of Henry VIII, Catherine Parr, traditionally regarded as a self-appointed governess of her three royal stepchildren, as being less crucial than that of these predecessors. By the last decade of the reign the die was cast: the Gregorians had triumphed over the Trojans at both Oxford and Cambridge and the universities more than ever before had become the recruiting ground for the State's servants, who were now increasingly laymen. At least in the sixteenth century the Tudor State more and more realized that it needed its universities, and this study details precisely how this educational revolution was achieved.

Struggles of a termagant

Caroline Bingham

PATRICIA HILL BUCHANAN
Margaret Tudor, Queen of Scots
287pp. Edinburgh: Scottish Academic Press. £15.
0 7073 0424 5

"These dull and squalid intrigues of a selfish, sensual termagant" was Andrew Lang's harsh summing up of the career and character of Margaret Tudor. Patricia Hill Buchanan sets herself to present her subject in a more favourable light, but Margaret Tudor is not an easy subject for reassessment.

The most straightforward way to present a case for Margaret is to stress her difficulties. She was the elder daughter of Henry VII, born in 1489, brought up in the utmost luxury the English court could provide, and given at least some share in the education of her elder brother, Prince Arthur, under Lincarse, Colet and Grocy. Status, pomp, and later, power interested her more than learning, and her marriage in 1503, while only thirteen, to the twenty-nine-year-old James IV of Scotland, seemed to promise the fulfilment of her ambitions. The marriage was intended to seal a treaty of perpetual peace between Scotland

and England, but ten years later the two kingdoms were again at war; James IV died at the disastrous battle of Flodden. Margaret had already borne him five children and was pregnant with a sixth; but only the fifth survived infancy, to be crowned as James V of Scotland at the age of thirteen months. His minority witnessed a sustained struggle for power between his mother, who sought to establish a regency which supported alliance with England, and an opposition which looked to the support of France.

Margaret's position as the sister of Henry VIII, the victor of Flodden, would have taxed the ability of the most skilful politician; instead she was arrogant, demanding and devoid of the slightest sense of the art of the possible. Her first, and irrevocable, error was her marriage to Archibald Douglas, sixth earl of Angus, whose Anglophile politics were merely the vehicle for his personal ambitions. She expected support from a brother and a husband both of whom ruthlessly exploited her, and then castigated her when she turned for a time to the man who had replaced her as regent of Scotland, the Francophile party's nominee, John, Duke of Albany. The influence of Albany, who was linked by marriage to the family of Pope Clement VII, eventually gained her a divorce from Angus. But divorce brought

upon her a torrent of vituperation from Henry VIII, who told her that marriage had been instituted in Paradise, and the divorce was damnable. Margaret was cowed by her brother's wrath, but not deterred from taking a third husband, Henry Stewart, whom her son later obligingly created Lord Methven. Meanwhile Angus used the support of Henry VIII to secure the regency for himself, and kept the young King James V in a tutelage which was close to imprisonment, until he escaped at the age of sixteen in 1528. With the assistance of Angus's enemies, including Margaret, he then asserted his own power, banishing his stepfather and most of his kindred. Thereafter he maintained a strong alliance with France for the rest of his reign. Margaret was a disapproving spectator of his successive French marriages, to Madeleine of France and Mary of Guise, though the latter was clever enough to win her approval with an adroit show of deference and respect.

Patricia Buchanan argues that Margaret showed herself at her best in her dedication to her son's interests, which transcended her attachment to her native country, and that she was "in the final analysis successful beyond her fondest dream" when her great-grandson James VI of Scotland became James I of England in 1603 - though whether her immortal part derived satisfaction from his posthumous triumph is beyond our knowledge. In her endeavour to present Margaret in a sympathetic light Buchanan from time to time makes use of a historical novelist's technique which is an incongruous ingredient of an otherwise scholarly book. Thus, of Margaret's temporary flight to England in 1515:

As they rode down the hill and along the road past the sleeping village, a chill wind blew gusts of fine rain in their faces. Margaret, pushing back the hood with which she had been concealing her face, took a deep breath of the bracing air - it was the wind of freedom.

Despite the better-documented statements of her charitable biographer, it is difficult to avoid the impression that Andrew Lang's judgment of Margaret Tudor was not far wrong.

The ninth volume to appear in the projected twelve-volume *History of Lincolnshire* is Volume Four, *Land and People in Medieval Lincolnshire* by Graham Platts (322pp. Society for Lincolnshire History and Archaeology, Exchange Gate Arch, Lincoln LN2 1PZ, £13. 0 902668 03 X). Dr Platts considers his subject in eight chapters: "Lincolnshire's medieval lands", "The medieval peasantry", "Agriculture in medieval Lincolnshire", "Rural crafts, occupations, and marketing", "The Black Death and after", "Towns and townships", "Law and disorder", and "Culture in medieval Lincolnshire", to which he adds two appendices on "Lincolnshire markets and fairs, 1227-1485" and "Poll tax returns from the South Riding of Lindsey". There are also a bibliography, seven tables and eighty-six illustrations in black and white.

behaviour. Other difficulties occur when the editors, in what is generally a very effective introduction, range deeply into the eighteenth century and attempt, at times a little unconvincingly, to drag some of the interpretations developed by historians of that period back into the Tudor and Stuart eras. Conversely, Spufford is the only contributor to raise at length the problem of change and continuity from the Middle Ages onwards, and joins those other historians who have made comparisons between the century before 1640 and that great earlier wave of demographic expansion which was ended by the Black Death. Perhaps the most important and obvious question which this book raises is why, despite widespread fears, society manifestly did not disintegrate, even after the execution of Charles I. The social tensions and disorder described here existed within a remarkably orderly and secure context.

Any work of synthesis on this subject is a long way off, but the contributors to *Order and Disorder in Early Modern England* have added greatly to our appreciation of the issues involved. The book has been well edited and produced (although I was personally a little dismayed to see two of my books conflated in the footnotes, and to find myself referred to as "Paul Sharpe" in the index) while the introduction is a strong one, providing an overview which will be of great use to those coming fresh to the subject.

the "moral economy" of the eighteenth-century crowd. Susan Amussen writes on gender, family and the social order, an essay which whets the appetite for her forthcoming book on the subject, while David Underdown, arguing that a "crisis of gender relations" occurred around 1600, describes the scolds and skimmings of the period. Margaret Spufford contributes a rather tetchy piece attacking the simplistic connections which she feels some historians have made between puritanism and social control, while religion also looms large in a jokey essay by John Morrill and J. D. Walter on order and disorder in the English Revolution. Attitudes among the élite are examined in a characteristically penetrating essay by Anthony Fletcher on honour, reputation and local office-holding in Elizabethan and Stuart England.

The greatest problem, perhaps, with a collection of this kind is that of tracing and explaining long-term change. A number of contributors, for example, are convinced that the century before the outbreak of the Civil War was an especially difficult one, in which numerous contemporaries were certain that society was in imminent danger of falling apart. These contributors are undoubtedly correct, but the notion is not one which should be accepted uncritically. One wonders, for instance, how far the vividness of the "crisis of gender relations" is a product of the existence of a popular printing press, rather than of real changes in

J. A. Sharpe

ANTHONY FLETCHER and JOHN STEVENSON
Order and Disorder in Early Modern England
287pp. Cambridge University Press. £27.50.
0 521 25244 6

Over the past two decades the problem of order and disorder in early modern England has come to be regarded as central by scholars. It is a theme which has attracted many of the more familiar themes of parliamentary politics or traditional economic history, scholars have confronted the question of how various social units: the family, the village or manor community, the county, even the nation-state, and the volume under review is a very welcome, if, for the uninitiated, somewhat various addition to earlier work on the theme. It addresses:

the way to list the topics covered: illustrates the wealth of the issues involved. C. S. L. also contributes an important restatement of the views on popular religion and the Pilgrimage of Grace, an essay all the more welcome because it constitutes a corrective to the views on that episode. Popular religion (or at least resistance) also forms the theme of C. S. L.'s study of popular politics as exhibited in the struggle between doctors and farmers in the seventeenth century, and of John Stevenson's study of the notion of St. P. Thompson's notion of



"The Tower of London from the Thames" by James Lawson Stewart will be included in the sale of English Drawings and Watercolours at Christie's, London, on April 29.

The heathen and the heterodox

R. E. Whyte

SUZANNE WILSON BARNETT and JOHN KING FAIRBANK (Editors)
Christianity in China: Early Protestant missionary writings
237pp. Harvard University Press. £18.50.
0 674 12881 8

Protestant Christianity has always stressed the importance of the written word in its evangelistic process. It comes as no surprise, therefore, to learn that the production of written materials formed a major part of the Protestant missionary enterprise in nineteenth-century China. Their value was all the greater in view of the problems that foreign missionaries encountered in even reaching many areas of the country, the difficulties of the Chinese spoken language and the importance of literacy within Chinese society. *Christianity in China: Protestant missionary writings*, edited by Suzanne Wilson Barnett and John King Fairbank, is a collection of essays by nine American scholars that derive from research in the Harvard-Yenching collection of missionary writings in Chinese, and is published in the Harvard Studies in American-East Asian Relations series. The low quality and voluminous nature of that resource of material have contributed to

its neglect by scholars - although, as Fairbank points out in his fine introductory survey of the field, this also stems from their failure to understand the key role of the missionaries in China's nineteenth-century relations with the West.

The contributors to this volume have now made a significant attempt to assess the missionaries' general influence on Chinese attitudes and values as well as their role in creating a Chinese Protestant Church. A collection of essays is usually rather disparate, but Fairbank's introduction brings unity and there are a number of common themes. Overall, the book succeeds in conveying a coherent picture of a complex reality.

Few missionaries understood the society they so assiduously sought to change, and they were usually convinced of the superiority of Western culture and sought to promote its laissez-faire capitalist values. This optimism with regard to the West coexisted uneasily with a theological perspective which stressed the conflict between the world and the believer. The resulting view of Chinese society is expressed, for example, by Justus Doolittle "heathen, heathen, vicious and wicked". The missionaries were prompted to write extensively on Western history and society. They wrote in Chinese and their use of the vernacular ensured wide dissemination of their views,

so that several missionary works on secular themes were highly influential in forming late nineteenth-century Chinese views on the West.

The religious tracts the missionaries disseminated also had a wide readership. The effect of these writings was twofold. They fed the growth of anti-Christian feeling among the Chinese gentry, while at the same time appealing to dissident elements within the general population. Reasons for the differing reactions are well brought out in these essays, and stem from the common view of Christianity as a heterodox religion. Sectarian groups were rife in nineteenth-century China and were regarded with hostility by the political establishment. Daniel Bays's essay argues that many Chinese sectarians became Christian converts. The mental process involved is well exemplified in Richard Bohr's study of the personal pilgrimage of Liang Fa, the most celebrated of early converts. The role of Protestantism in relation to the Taiping Rebellion is also put in context.

One looks forward to more extensive treatment of these themes, after the important advances represented in this volume in our understanding of nineteenth-century Chinese Christianity. It can now be hoped that this work will be complemented by study of the role of Chinese Christians themselves.

Bread, milk and Mother Goose

Jenny Penberthy

SANDRAM. GILBERT
Emily's Bread
 103pp. Norton. £6.20.
 0393301508
HILDA MORLEY
To Hold in My Hand: Selected poems, 1955-1983
 213pp. The Sheep Meadow Press; distributed by Persea Books, 225 Lafayette Street, New York, NY 10012. \$8.95.
 0935296492
GEORGE EVANS
Nightvision
 59pp. Pig Press, 7 Cross View Terrace, Neville's Cross, Durham, DH1 4JY.
 Paperback, £3.20.
 0903997762
JOSEPHINE MILES
Collected Poems 1930-83
 260pp. University of Illinois Press; distributed by Harper and Row. £19.25.
 0252101075
ELDER OLSON
Last Poems
 59pp. University of Chicago Press. £12.75 (paperback, £5.95).
 0226 628981

Many of the poems in these collections are written for or about other poets. The problem is that such poems remind us of what we might be reading instead. This is especially true of Sandra Gilbert's *Emily's Bread*; two poems are written explicitly for Emily Dickinson, who is also the spirit behind the book. One waits for signs of Dickinson's formal influence, or of a linguistic rebellion similar to hers, only to find that what inspires these poems is Dickinson's *life*—her bread-making and poem-making, the overlap of the domestic and the literary. This biographical bias is as disappointing here as it is in Sandra Gilbert's criticism (she is a co-author of the feminist study of nineteenth-century women writers, *The Madwoman in the Attic*, reviewed in the TLS of January 8, 1980). It is common knowledge that Emily Dickinson has been misunderstood, but the reason is to be found less in her life and gender than in the radical nature of her poetry.

Emily's Bread, particularly in its opening section, "Her House", invokes the domestic muses and the domestic origins of a woman's poetry. Nostalgia for girlhood, language freighted with symbolism (there are too many noisy, breathing kitchens and there is far too much milk in this volume) make one hanker for Dickinson's New England pragmatism. "Home is not where the heart is", she once wrote in a letter; "but the house and the adjacent buildings."

Sandra Gilbert has missed the essential distinction in Dickinson's poetry between concealment and revelation, the value of "circumference", of telling the truth but telling it

"slant". *Emily's Bread* is hectoring, see-here poetry drained of impact by too much telling. "Text", "grammar", "syntax", "the white spaces around words"—these words and phrases appear in the poems as if they were sufficient signal of the poet's concern with technique.

When the poems are not probing the poet's own mind and experience (the world is very much there to serve; it is her agency), they are an immobilized array of portraits of other women—two of the volume's five sections are named "Daguerreotypes" and "Still Lives". One tires early of all this political orthodoxy. The poems might have seemed more interesting had they appeared fifteen years ago.

Hilda Morley's *To Hold in My Hand: Selected poems, 1955-1983* has none of this assertive presence. Tentativeness and hesitation are fundamental to her method. Each poem scatters its words and phrases over the page, choreographing our reading, telling us where to pause, where to breathe. Morley's debt to Charles Olson is apparent throughout. She lived in Black Mountain, North Carolina, during its heyday in the 1950s and two poems acknowledge her friendship with Olson. There are some successful pieces in this first volume. "The Grasshopper" finds its tense, ready pauses and leaps in the poem's compressed shape.

The grasshopper
 waits,
 electric with attention. Finally
 now he knows: Now It's Time.
 Move then.

Minute claws pressed into his belly
 he takes off . . .

The momentary hesitation of the linebreak produces an apt visual equivalent for the action of the grasshopper, but it is less effective as sound. There is not enough coincidence or, even better, near-coincidence between linebreak and the particular speech cadence. The poems are unremitting in their restlessness, in their obedience to this scattered, interrupted form. One notices the absence of what Louis Zukofsky called "proper breathing space, ease, grace". A vulnerable, slightly precious presence emerges in these small interruptions which come more and more to signify a catch in the throat, a bitten lip of regret. Where, in Emily Dickinson's frequent waverings, there is variety—questioning, musing, hyperbole, numbed bleak waiting—here there is insecurity, a minimalism that doesn't trust itself. With so few natural connections made between the visual (the linebreak) and the aural (speech cadence) it is no surprise to find in many of her poems an appended allusion to the connections she can't trust words alone to make. One expects ellipsis and compression from her form, but in fact the editing is insufficient.

George Evans's *Nightvision*, published in a beautifully designed paperback by Pig Press, is

also much concerned with the line, with linebreaks, and the spaces those breaks leave. It is a further pleasure to find here no hint of excess or the arbitrary. Evans's poems also call to mind a Zukofsky dictum, "Condensation is more than half of composition"; they are stripped to allow for alternative reading—right to left and top to bottom. This is poetry as configuration. "The Bridge" begins:

A movement cross- over
 water taking shapes
 light

The horizontal, vertical and diagonal are held in architectural tension; the line itself is metaphor. "Journal: A List" nods in its title to the dangers of the vertical-line poem becoming a list but nowhere itself falls victim. There's an appealing inventiveness and solidity about these poems. They engage with the world, rather than bludgeoning us with subjectivity. And some, for all their spareness, are gorgeous, glowing with primary colours like the most memorable work of Emily Dickinson and William Carlos Williams.

Josephine Miles's *Collected Poems* is prolix by comparison. Her poems are chatty, long-lined, Californian, spanning the years 1930 to 1983. We expect, and we find, some variation in subject and style. Among the political poems alone, Miles includes poems of deprivation from the 1930s, Second World War poems and Vietnam poems. The conversational style is in fact a development of an early, somewhat tighter, though still colloquial style. In her early work she combines, in a way that seems effortless, the rhythms of speech with the artifice of the nursery rhyme, with results which both soothe and unsettle. "Loser" begins:

A gracious number of dark-witted thieves
 Stole all I had, in a pack as thick as that.
 I was so disappointed I rocked as I sat.

It's a pleasure at last to strike humour. The collection includes a number of such nursery-type joke poems. There is an intriguing small tradition of women poets, including Emily Dickinson, Gertrude Stein, Laura Riding, Stevie Smith and Lorine Niedecker, who are drawn to the rhythms and locutions of Mother Goose.

Josephine Miles can convey a pleasing sense of the American idiom, though her ear for the music in speech is not finely developed. She is, however, aware that idiosyncratic speech unlocks emotion. "Views To See Clayton From" identifies a variety of allegiances in the complaining and haranguing language of a family outraged by a wayward member. The effortless surfaces of her poems belie their psychological penetration.

Her conversational poems become increasingly loose, prosy, even garrulous under, I suspect, the influence of the Beats. Josephine

Miles, as the poems about teaching, students, conferences, and visiting poets reveal, teaches at the University of California, and these are very much Berkeley poems. We are referred throughout to its streets, its hills, and especially its campus. There is also a rather anomalous, self-conscious academic presence in some of the work. Of San Francisco's fog: "The fog comes in as Sandburg says it does". And among all the casual chat, there are some rather fuzzy lines: "Between, in middle distance where the seasons / In plebeian emerge."

It is surprising that from these hundreds of poems, many of them written in the first person, so little sense of the poet emerges. But Josephine Miles's subject is the world (a small Californian slice of it), rendered best in the quick, riding style of the nursery rhyme. The vigorous American folk tradition gives the best of her poems their appeal. From "Before":

Where had I been, oh tell me,
 And where
 Under those vast sunny
 Apricot trees in the front yard?
 Go tell Aunt Rhodie the old gray goose is dead.

Elder Olson's *Last Poems* is made work while by one poem. I wonder about its origin: it is entirely of his own making, and it is so unlike the others in this announced final volume? Or is it part transcription and part mastery non-interference? So few of these poets trust their poems to communicate and Elder Olson is generally no exception. But this one is too good to be damaged by its hasty epigraph: "QWERTYUIOP—Connect by my typewriter". The poet's ear for American idiom turns out to be sharp, and his restraint a singular instance of tact. "Brave Noo Wot: A Philosophical Conversation":

—Wot he do-en that blame hammer?
 He ben hammer two hull days.
 —Claim he maken a noo wot.
 —Noo wot? Wot wrong with thiam?

—He claim everthin wrong with it,
 Claim Gawd dunno beans wot chaptin.
 He say Gawd couldn't work for him.

—Wair he gonna put tha o-shins?
 —He say, ain go-en be no o-shins.
 He claim o-shins jes a no-shin.
 They full, you drown youself in em,
 They dry, you fall in, break you neck.

—Then wair he gonna git his wawder?
 —He go-en take some wawder with in
 En sammiches on booze a course.

—He make stabs too?—Nah, no stabs;
 Ain no good fer nuthin nowher.
 —Summuns says this wot a stah.
 —Nuthin to it. Nuthin to it.

—How do you know? Doan twinkle poem.
 —They even claims tha sun a stah.
 —Shoot, jever see tha sun at night?

—He goan live in that blame thin?
 —Hell no; he go set in a place.
 Then he go take and burn it up,
 Claim that wot Gawd, firs used his haid,
 Shooda done with tha fool thin in the first place.

"Sacred Ridges above Diamond Creek," is written "for Les Murray and for my pocket tape recorder". The transcribed response is artful ("Mr Fox in his red hunting coat") and achieve the tension between aboriginal and Anglophone it seeks. Les Murray's gift for plain-spoken heartbreak is one which Wallace-Crabbe lacks. It hardly matters. Obscure and baffling though he can often be, Wallace-Crabbe's resourceful two-mindedness gives his poetry an edgy vitality. His combination of seriousness and decorative hedonism is often unsettling, rarely unattracting. Commensurate with the intellectual core, I have not had enough in praise of the picture of Australia conveyed by many poems, the humanity which underlies this versatile, uneven poet's language and which makes this an unusually delightful book to go back to.

The Influence of French Symbolism on Modern American Poetry by René Taupin, translated by William Pratt and Anne Rich Pratt (Columbia Press, Inc., 56 East 13th Street, New York, New York 10003; USA, \$45.00/£10.95). This is the first English translation of a celebrated 1929 critical study, together with an introduction and conclusion by William Pratt.

On the frontier

Wendy James

B. E. HARRELL-BOND
Imposing Aid: Emergency assistance to refugees
 400pp. Oxford University Press. £15 (paperback, £2.50).
 0192616137

Imposing Aid is a breathless, impassioned documentation of a moment in the history of a war-torn border, of crowded refugee camps, broken bodies, minds bruised, enraged and numb. The rational administration of charity, plans agreed on paper far away, the fair distribution of food, medicine and vehicle spares, together with the goodwill and sense of empathic and local officials alike, all are sacrificed to a monstrous confusion of fears and purposes. Case histories, letters, statistical surveys, despairing anecdotes are bundled together in a book of over 400 moving and worrying pages.

In 1979 the government of Idi Amin in Uganda was overthrown. From that date refugees began moving from the north-west of that country into the Sudan, partly because of military actions taken in revenge upon their home areas. By 1982 the movement had become a mass migration including traders, professionals and former soldiers as well as peasants. Those concerned with the administration of assistance tumbled over each other to set up their programmes. B. E. Harrell-Bond gives us an extraordinary glimpse into the machinery of this emergency aid, and the jostling and jealousies which disfigured its implementation, not only between national (in this case Sudanese) authorities and overseas organizations, but also between the latter themselves.

Her recommendations, arrived at after some rather alarming field experience, and drawing on the findings of local research assistants and

Oxford students (as well as seminars which drew in refugee representation), are briefly as follows. Aid agencies, and most particularly the United Nations High Commission for Refugees, should not adopt too high a profile and too independent a policy when dealing with those who cross a frontier and register as "refugees". Aid should as far as possible be co-ordinated with, even channelled through, the institutions and practices of the host country, in order that links of a constructive kind may be fostered between the newcomers and their hosts.

Running through the study is a contrast between designated refugee settlements and "self-settled" communities. The latter often show independence, enterprise and good neighbourly relations with Sudanese villages, while receiving aid only haphazardly or unofficially. The former rarely achieve any kind of self-reliance but become dependent upon the authoritarian hand that feeds them, while resentment may fester in the local host population. Defined as temporary inhabitants, registered refugees fear the possibility of repatriation, sometimes supported as a policy by the agencies.

In the particular circumstances of the Yei River District during 1982-4, when this study was carried out, these arguments appear persuasive. But if we take a step back from the flurry of indignation generated by this book, and look again at the wider geographical, political and historical context, we might question their advisability in the long term. To north and south of the area studied, for hundreds of miles of territory, civil war has raged for the better part of many young people's lives. Nimerly's Sudan, a régime much praised by Harrell-Bond for its generosity to the particular refugees of her study, was at the same time provoking military resistance in other regions of the southern Sudan, from which many people were even then fleeing for their lives into Ethiopia. Are host governments pursuing civil

war in one area always to be supported in their welcome of refugee citizens to a neighbouring, rival region? Would not this kind of policy be likely to politicize a situation further and precipitate hostilities in the future? Given the past experience of the "self-settlement" of Sudanese refugees into Uganda, cannot such integration bring its own problems?

The history of Sudan's international frontiers suggests some answers to questions of this kind. In former times there were wide buffer zones between states, in which there was plenty of room for fugitives to find shelter, communities to regroup, and political opportunists to raise small armies. But in the last century the frontier zones saw increasingly brutal disruption through the expansion of large-scale armed conquest and slave-trading networks, in their effect not unlike the disruption of modern military struggle. These days it would seem that while a strict frontier exists in international law, it is rarely respected or policed. Where the rule of law of an established government does not reach, those with the guns can still treat the frontier as a no man's land.

But the killing power of modern weaponry has transformed the old reality. Frontier zones no longer provide a safe refuge for anyone, and it is a romantic illusion to suppose that the institutions and traditional social mechanisms of host countries like the Sudan can cope. If refugees in such large, poor countries are to be given any tangible rights or protection, in the face of the arbitrary power of modern arms and other technology, then an international presence must oversee arrangements on the ground. One shudders over many scenes in the pages of this book. But without the arrival of the UNHCR, at least symbolic of the rule of law, might it not all have been much worse? And might not the international presence at this moment be mitigating the volatile and dangerous possibilities on this border in relation to current developments in Uganda?

The case for killing

R. G. Frey

HELGA KUHSSE and PETER SINGER
Should the Baby Live? The problem of handicapped infants
 220pp. Oxford University Press. £12.50 (paperback, £3.95).
 019174451

Ought we to prolong the lives of severely handicapped infants, no matter what their prospects? An increasing number of people, including parents and doctors, are coming to believe that we ought not. They think that such factors as the nature and severity of handicap and the projected length and quality of life are relevant to the decision to prolong life; and, often, such factors will count in favour of allowing the infant to die, through not feeding or operating upon it, say. If one then accepts that there is no morally viable distinction between killing and letting die, not feeding or operating upon the infant amounts to killing it; and this, the killing of severely handicapped infants, is infanticide. The point to this line of thinking, of course, is that infanticide becomes morally permissible.

This admirable addition to Oxford's Studies in Bioethics series argues the case for infanticide, and it thus joins a growing number of works devoted to this end. It is a sensitive, thoughtful, and rigorously argued book; and if some of the material is familiar, it is nevertheless shaped and presented in such a way as always to be stimulating. Helga Kuhse and Peter Singer touch upon all the relevant philosophical issues in remarkably clear terms; and they weave the philosophy into case histories in most skilful and illuminating ways.

Behind the claim that infanticide is permissible lies an attack upon two principles of traditional morality. The first is that all human life is of equal value. Those which hold this principle, human beings, are impressed with quality-of-life considerations; but many find this difficult. I suspect that the more they learn about the lives that new-borns are forced to endure, the more they will agree that it is not of equal value. The second principle is that killing is wrong. The more they learn about the lives that new-borns are forced to endure, the more they will agree that it is not of equal value.

who, severely deformed at birth, underwent eleven operations which enabled it to survive to the age of four; his wife described this as "keeping the baby alive long enough for nature to kill it". In the light of such cases, it is increasingly argued that the value of a life is a function of its quality, its quality a function of its richness, and its richness a function of its capacities or potentialities for enrichment; and the fact is that the potentialities for enrichment are severely truncated or absent in some new-borns. Infants born with only half a brain or with severe forms of spina bifida are cases in point. To prolong such lives is to prolong lives of a quality that we would not wish upon even our worst enemies; yet, presumably, we are supposed to think that these lives are every bit as valuable as the lives of ordinary new-borns.

The second principle attacked is the sanctity-of-life doctrine. Two central problems arise. First, to the extent that the doctrine is a religious one, it may not be acceptable to those whose ethical views are not grounded in religion. Second, the doctrine has traditionally covered only human life and has drawn a sharp line, morally, between killing humans and killing animals. It thus erects membership of a particular species as a morally relevant characteristic in killing, when in fact the capacities of some animals are equal or superior to those of some humans and the quality of life of some animals exceeds that of some humans. Again, if gender and race are not morally relevant to the wrongness of killing, why should species be?

Kuhse and Singer endorse the familiar view that what matters is that the thing killed is a continuing self, able to see itself as existing over time, able to have desires with respect to the future, including the desire to go on living, and able, therefore, to have these desires frustrated. To kill a person, or a being that can envisage itself with a future and can have desires with respect to that future, is typically to kill a being that has a powerful desire to go on living; and this is wrong. Though the overwhelming majority of humans will turn out to be persons, not all will; the irreversibly comatose, and severely mentally handicapped new-

borns are obvious examples. Thus, the killing of a defective new-born is not the destruction of a person, and it is this that is of crucial moral significance in killing.

The main problem for anyone with this view is to provide effective safeguards against killing healthy new-borns, who equally are not persons: Kuhse and Singer do provide safeguards; but because they do not have any extended discussion of their general moral theory, it is not always easy to appreciate the complete character of safeguards this theory permits them to construct. If, as I suspect, this theory is utilitarianism, then safeguards will often amount to facts about people's desires. Thus, it is in part the fact that parents and others want the healthy new-born that makes a difference in its case; but this then raises the question of what happens if they do not. Again, what happens if, though a healthy adult desires to carry on living, others come to desire his death as strongly as he desires to live? The answer is that people are not like this, and it is this factual claim about others' desires that is supposed to constitute the safeguard. What has to be resolved is how effective a safeguard such factual claims are.

Family and Kinship in East London (234pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £13.95. 0 7102 0914 2) by Michael Young and Peter Willmott, first published in 1957, has just been reissued with a new introduction. The authors had studied the effects of rehousing policies on working-class families who had been moved from Bethnal Green to Greenleigh. The book had predicted that social bonds would weaken largely because of the difficulty that children would have, once they had grown up and married, to live near their parents. For their would not be enough houses for all those who wanted to stay, and no space anyway on which to build more houses. In the thirty years since publication, the idea of kinship have loosened even further but, the authors believe, "there is plenty of evidence that kinship remains an important force in most people's lives". The wider family shows an impressive resilience.

INDEX OF BOOKS REVIEWED

- Barnett, Suzanne Wilson, and John King Fairbank (Editors). *Christianity in China* 426
 Bell, Ian A. *Defoe's Fiction* 428
 Bierhorst, John (Editor and translator). *Cantares Mexicanos: Songs of the Aztecs. A Nahuatl-English Dictionary and Concordance to the Cantares Mexicanos with an Analytic Transcription and Grammatical Notes* 407
 Birdsall, Virginia Ogden. *Defoe's Perpetual Seekers: A study of the major fiction* 428
 Blainey, Ann. *Immortal Boy: A portrait of Leigh Hunt* 428
 Borrás, María Luksa. *Picabia* 423
 Brackenbury, Rosalind. *Crossing the Water* 416
 Buchanan, Patricia Hill. *Margaret Tudor* 427
 Burroughs, William. *Queer* 415
 Caraman, Philip. *The Lost Empire: The story of the Jesuits in Ethiopia 1555-1634* 426
 Castleman, Riva, and Wolfgang Wittrock (Editors). *Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec: Images of the 1890s* 423
 Charles, Michel. *L'Arbre et la source* 429
 Coates, David, and John Hillard (Editors). *The Economic Decline of Modern Britain* 409
 Dowling, Maria. *Humanism in the Age of Henry VIII* 427
 Edwards, Page. *The Lake: Father and son* 416
 Ehrlich, Cyril. *The Music Profession in Britain since the Eighteenth Century: A social history* 422
 Ericksen, Robert P. *Theologians under Hitler* 412
 Evans, George. *Nightvision* 430
 Fletcher, Anthony, and John Stevenson. *Order and Disorder in Early Modern England* 427
 Galton, Ray, and Alan Simpson. *The Best of Hancock* 417
 Gilbert, Sandra M. *Emily's Bread* 430
 Granzotto, Gianni. *Christopher Columbus* 408
 Green, Vivian (Editor). *Love in a Cool Climate: The letters of Mark Pattison and Meta Bradley 1879-1884* 413
 Hancock, Freddie, and David Nathan. *Hancock* 417
 Harrell-Bond, B. E. *Imposing Aid* 431
 Hart-Davis, Rupert (Editor). *More Letters of Oscar Wilde* 414
 Highsmith, Patricia. *Found in the Street* 415
 Hobdatter, Douglas R. *Metamagical Themes* 411
 Holden, Ursula. *Tin Toys* 415
 Inwood, Brad. *Ethics and Human Action in Early Stoicism* 424
 Johnson, Douglas, Alan Tyson and Robert Winter. *The Beethoven Sketchbooks* 422
 Jowell, Jeffrey, and Dawn Oliver (Editors). *The Changing Constitution* 410
 Kerr, K. Austin. *Organized for Prohibition* 425
 Kuhse, Helga, and Peter Singer. *Should the Baby Live? The problem of handicapped infants* 431
 McCarthy, William. *Hester Thrale Piozzi* 414
 McCown, Robert A. (Editor). *The Life and Times of Leigh Hunt* 428
 McInerney, Jay. *Ransom* 415
 Mackie, J. L. *Selected Papers: Volumes One and Two* 424
 Mason, Bobbie Ann. *In Country* 416
 Mathieu, Pierre-Louis. *Gustave Moreau: The watercolours* 423
 Merson, Allen. *Communist Resistance in Nazi Germany* 412
 Miles, Josephine. *Collected Poems 1930-83* 430
 Morley, Hilda. *To Hold in My Hand: Selected poems, 1955-1983* 430
 Nall, Stephen. *A History of Christianity in India 1707-1858* 426
 Olson, Elder. *Last Poems* 430
 Owen, David. *A United Kingdom* 409
 Segal, Howard P. *Technological Utopianism in American Culture* 425
 Taviani, Paolo Emilio. *Christopher Columbus* 408
 Taylor, Simon. *Prelude to Genocide* 412
 Tedlow, Dennis (Editor and translator). *Popoluh: The definitive edition of the Mayan Book of the Dawn of Life and the Glories of Gods and Kings* 407
 Tribe, Laurence H. *Constitutional Choices* 410
 Tuck, Anthony. *Crown and Nobility 1272-1461* 417
 Wallace-Crabbe, Chris. *The Amorous Cannibal* 430
 Waltman, John L., and Gerald G. McDaniel. *Leigh Hunt: A comprehensive bibliography* 428
 Ware, Gilbert. *William Hazlitt* 425
 Waterhouse, Keith. *The Collected Letters of a Nobody: Including Mr Pooter's advice to his son* 417
 Wharton, William. *Pride* 416
 Wittrock, Wolfgang. *Toulouse-Lautrec: The complete prints* 423